

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Eden's Triumph

UNDoubtedly one of the most important developments to emerge from the nine-nation talks on German rearmament has been Mr. Anthony Eden's offer to send four divisions to the Continent. In terms of manpower it will mean that the European defence network will have an extra 60-80,000 men. It must not be forgotten either that after two world wars in which Britain has gone to the rescue of Europe, British troops hold a unique place in the minds of Western Europeans. Mr. Eden's offer, however, is equally important from another standpoint for it should go a long way to allay French fears that a re-armed Western Germany would dominate the new European military organization. The French have wanted this direct evidence of Britain's concern for Europe for years. One main reason why French feeling mounted so decisively against EDC earlier this year, was Britain's persistent refusal to participate. The change in the British attitude was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Eden himself who, it is reported, for a long time encountered strong opposition in the Cabinet to this move.

THE Government's decision is not only logical—it was the only possible decision to take. A continuation of its "isolationist" policy would have gravely jeopardised any chances of success at the talks. And how often has it been stated that British and European security is inseparable. Surely the last war impressed that lesson upon the Government. If Europe is to remain weak and divided in the face of the growing Communist armed might, Britain is threatened equally with its European allies. As it is, Britain has re-asserted herself in the diplomatic leadership of Europe which for so long has been dominated by America. It is to be hoped Mr. Dulles follows Mr. Eden's lead and promises to maintain U.S. forces in Europe also—for this is the best way of ensuring peace on the Continent.

SUDDEN HITCH AT 9-NATION TALKS

French Premier Insists On Drastic Arms Control

Husband Saves Family From Death

By Cutting Off Town Gas Supply

Copenhagen, Oct. 1. The people of Odense, one of the largest towns in Denmark, had their gas supply cut for six hours so that the lives of a mother and her three children could be saved.

On returning from the cinema, Olaf Rasmussen found a note from his wife saying that she was determined to end her own life and that of her three children by gas, and that she had gone to a house where she knew she could carry out her threat without interruption.

Olaf Rasmussen telephoned the gas works and implored the official in charge to cut off the town's gas supply until his family could be found.

He then went to the police, who searched all the houses where the Rasmussen family was known. In the early hours of the morning they reached a house and the occupier said that she had allowed Fru Rasmussen and her children to sleep in the kitchen.

The police burst into the kitchen and found the woman and her three children lying on the floor. The gas taps were fully open but hardly any gas was coming through. — China Mail Special.

High French Official Suspended

Paris, Oct. 1. M. Jean Mons, secretary-general of the French national defence committee, has been temporarily suspended from duty, the Premier's Office announced tonight.

The suspension followed developments in the investigation into leakage of secret documents from the defence committee.

Earlier, two high French civil servants, Rene Turpin, and Roger Labrousse, were charged with treason.

The two men had confessed after all-night questioning to giving away vital military secrets from the Supreme National Defence Council, on which they held key posts. — France Presse & Reuter.

London, Oct. 1. The nine-nation conference on German rearmament struck a big hitch today when the French Prime Minister, M. Pierre Mendes-France, insisted on retaining features of his drastic arms production pool plan against the wishes of all other Foreign Ministers, a British Foreign Office spokesman stated.

These last-minute objections by France threatened the new European defence project embracing a re-armed Western Germany at a time when the conference was on the brink of success.

Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary and conference chairman, after a vain appeal for agreement on this key issue, closed the three-hour meeting—longest so far—with the words: "Let us hope the night brings wisdom."

Then he went off to dine with the French Premier—and to try to persuade him to drop his new demands.

A British spokesman said tonight the other eight delegations had the firm impression last night that M. Mendes-France had accepted the Belgian arms control plan adopted in principle by the conference.

The spokesman said he had been wrong last night in his impression that the conference was "over the hump." That was how it appeared yesterday to the other delegations. Evidently today, the conference was on the "wrong side of the hump."

But the spokesman said last minute hitches were a characteristic feature of international conferences. He said Britain was confident the difference would be overcome.

HAIR RUFFLED Mr. Eden's hair was ruffled and his face damp with perspiration as he left Lancaster House, where the conference is being held.

But M. Mendes-France, the last Minister to leave, smiled

Confident Of Success

But the spokesman added: "We are confident that the conference will prove tomorrow that it can succeed."

The spokesman said there was agreement in principle on all other matters. But such agreement was subject to agreement on arms control.

M. Mendes-France told the conference that effective control of armaments was an essential part of French preparedness to agree to German rearmament.

NOT HIS CUSTOM He said it was not his custom to sign international agreements which had no chance of being ratified by the French Parliament.

Dr. J. W. Beyen, the Dutch Foreign Minister, said he still thought the issue should be left for examination after the conference. But M. Mendes-France insisted that it be settled by the ministers in London.

First hint that something had gone wrong came when the

Kowloon Station Not To Be Moved Yet

The Kowloon-Canton railway terminus at Tsimshatsui will remain where it is for some years yet, a Government spokesman said yesterday.

Rumours have been circulating throughout the Colony during the past week that the station will be moved to the area near the Naff in Chatham Road.

"Government has embarked on a long-term policy and there are more pressing commitments at the moment," said the spokesman.

Asked to elaborate he mentioned the new Kai Tak airport, Tai Lam Chung reservoir and Kowloon Hospital, some of which are mentioned in the Abercrombie Report.

Has Attlee Endangered Hongkong?

London, Oct. 1. The Independent Review, the Economist, and the Labour Party, that what happened to Formosa would happen at one stage later to Hongkong.

The Economist, criticising what it called "wilful blindness," attacked Mr. Attlee's "current" campaign against Chiang Kai-shek.

"Does he not see that as a matter of practical politics, what happens to Formosa will happen one stage later to Hongkong," the Economist stated.

"Both were omitted from the guarantees of the Southeast Asia Treaty recently signed at Manila. But few people in this country seem to have suggested the ominous significance of the fact," the Economist said.—Reuter.

U.S. Protest To Red China

Washington, Oct. 1. The United States has protested to China over a sentence of life imprisonment imposed on Mr. Hugh Redmond, an American businessman in Shanghai, it was disclosed today.

A State Department spokesman, Mr. Lincoln White, said the protest was made on September 29 by the United States Consulate in Geneva direct to the Chinese representative there. The Peking Government had accused Mr. Redmond of spying and convicted him on this charge on September 12 this year. He was arrested in April 1951.—Reuter.

ACCUSED OF MASS MURDER

Sensational Outburst In Court Against Communist Minister

Vienna, Oct. 1. A prosecution witness caused an uproar in a Sofia court when he accused Kimon Georgiev, Bulgarian Minister of Electrification, of assisting in the murder of hundreds of Communists 30 years ago, according to reports reaching here.

The witness, Stelcho Mushanov, a Minister in several pre-war Bulgarian Governments, was brought from prison to give evidence against seven Bulgarians accused of committing the murders.

He told the court that Georgiev played an important part with one of the accused, former General Ivan Vylkov, in the murders.

Vylkov, 82, a former Defence Ministry official, and six others were sentenced to death for arranging the assassination of a former Bulgarian Prime Minister, Alexander Stamboliski, and the murder of hundreds of Communists in 1923 and 1925. The sentences were commuted to 20 years' imprisonment.

A PRELIMINARY Usually informed circles in Sofia believe the trial to be the preliminary to the arraignment of Georgiev, according to the reports.

Mushanov was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, recently on charges connected with

24 Injured In Squatter Fire

When Government Social Welfare Centre at Shamshing, working together with the Kai Fong Association of that district, started the registration of victims of the disastrous fire that devastated two squatters' districts at mid-night while the fire was still burning.

Up to 9 a.m. today, no death has so far been reported and no persons missing. However, 24 persons were treated for slight burns and injuries.

The kitchens of the Social Welfare office started serving the first meals in Maple Street Centre to the distressed people early this morning.

So far it has not yet been possible to establish accurately the number of huts ravaged by the fire, but it was estimated to be more than 500. The number of persons affected, and rendered homeless was believed to be over 8,000.

How Much Is A Wife Worth?

Stuttgart, Oct. 2. A court estimated the value of a hard-working farm wife at 200 marks (about £16, 13s. 4d sterling) a month, and ordered a lorry driver to pay that amount to a farmer whose wife he ran over and killed.

The judge said that the farmer had shown that his wife had looked after the weekly marketing, as well as running the house and garden and helping in the fields. — China Mail Special.

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading.

P. 5: Tom Stacey (exploring Africa) finds mystery in a bamboo hut; Chapman Pincher tells you how you can insure your life at cut-price rates; Les Armour's column the Gilles family's adventures on the high road out of Scotland.

P. 6: Honour At Stake by Edgar Lustgarten—how Labour leader, Ben Tillett, saved a Conservative paper for Lloyd George's writing by "scribbling" how to tell character by the margins.

P. 7: George Whiting writing on "Where are the Kings of the ring today?" spotlights Kid Berg: The last of the Caterpillar Club adventures.

P. 8: Our new series—The World's Strangest Stories—begins today. The first article is "The Haunting of Bostley Rectory".

P. 12: Walter Nye's China Mail press essay: "Was the World's Republic in 1854, then in 1954?" William Hickey's column.

P. 19: Beschcomber is back!

Tough Fight To Subdue Boy Gunman

Colorado Springs, Oct. 1. A 12-year-old boy, shouting "I hate cops," fought off a score of policemen with 50 shots for more than an hour today. The siege ended when a patrolman's flying tackle felled the young gunman, still kicking and screaming defiance.

"You'll never take me alive," shouted the boy repeatedly during the 90 minutes of wild firing that menaced police and 800 spectators. No one was hit in the shooting.

The boy was paroled last week from the State Industrial School. He started shooting when an officer tried to question him about a car theft.

The boy was subdued after a patrolman picked him into a van, revealing how many cartridges he had left and then rushed in to capture him when he had used up the last of his ammunition. — United Press.

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KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

4 SHOWS TO-DAY

KING'S AT	AT SPECIAL TIMES	PRINCESS AT	EMPIRE AT
11.30 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	11.30 A.M.
2.30 P.M.	2.30 P.M.	2.30 P.M.	2.30 P.M.
5.30 P.M.	6.00 P.M.	6.00 P.M.	5.40 P.M.
9.00 P.M.	9.15 P.M.	9.15 P.M.	9.10 P.M.

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Cecil B. DeMille's

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Color by TECHNICOLOR

STYLING ARTIST: CORNEL CHARLTON

CAST: HUTTON - WILDE - HESTON - LAMOUR - GRAHAME

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Screenplay by Robert S. Lewis. Story by Lewis. Music by Elmer Bernstein. Edited by Robert S. Lewis. Released by Paramount Pictures.

AT REGULAR PRICES!

PRINCESS TO-MORROW AT 11.00 A.M.

EXTRA MORNING SHOW

VARIETY PROGRAMME OF
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Presented by Paramount

ADMISSION: \$1.50, \$1.00

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!

in the most daring picture ever filmed!

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Introducing **Thelma Houston** in her first movie

Coming to KING'S & PRINCESS

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Special Times: At 11.00 a.m., 2.50 & 8.00 p.m.

The Picture that won
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GREATER THAN EVER ON WIDE SCREEN!
FULL LENGTH! UNCHANGED!

CLARK GABLE - VIVIAN LEIGH - LESLIE HOWARD

GONE WITH THE WIND

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

A SEIZING INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
TECHNICOLOR

RITZ SHOWING TO-DAY

CRAWL-AND-CRUSH GIANTS SO TERRIFYING
THERE WAS NO WORD TO DESCRIBE

THEY!

Presented by WARNER BROS. PICTURES

STYLING ARTIST: CORNEL CHARLTON

CAST: HUTTON - WILDE - HESTON - LAMOUR - GRAHAME

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Screenplay by Robert S. Lewis. Story by Lewis. Music by Elmer Bernstein. Edited by Robert S. Lewis. Released by Paramount Pictures.

SHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

WILLIAM HOLDEN • DAVID NIVEN • MARGE MURRAY

THE MOON IS BLUE

THE PICTURE EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Comedy PECK in **"GUN FIGHTER"**

AT REDUCED PRICES!

FILMS - CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

There are comparatively few new films being shown next week and what there are will run for at least a week or so, it is hoped.

The ROXY and BROADWAY won't be changing until the end of next week, when they'll introduce "The Gambler From Natchez", a picture starring the new-comer Dale Robertson.

This will be a long running CinemaScope production to be followed by the much publicised "The Egyptian".

The latter had its gala world premiere in New York on August 24 and will have its British premiere on October 14, so we're not very far behind the times, here in Hongkong.

The LEE and GREAT WORLD have got a delightful little comedy in "Susan Slept Here" and they intend to follow it with a re-make of "The Magnificent Obsession" and later on with "The Creature From The Black Lagoon".

"Pushover" is the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA's show, introducing yet another new personality — Kim Novak — and during next week, for two days, there will be the English version of Jean Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles". "King Richard And The Crusaders" will ride across the CinemaScope screens next week-end.

At the KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE they're screening "The Greatest Show On Earth". This will be on for about a week and then for a few days only you can see "Monsoon".

In the Causeway Bay district the CAPITOL has that record-breaker "Gone With The Wind". It's being shown concurrently at the LIBERTY, while at the HOOVER "Scarlet Spear" is on.

At the end of next week the HOOVER will be changing to the Errol Flynn-Gina Lollobrigida romp "Crossed Swords".

Robbery and murder is the theme of "Pushover" starring Fred MacMurray and introducing Kim Novak. Her spouse, for some reason, have chosen to show her to us as a bad girl and you can judge for yourselves how wise they were by counting the number of starring roles she receives after this initial effort. Phil Carey and Dorothy Malone are featured.

WEE BIT DIFFICULT

Debbie Reynolds, in looks, is a combination of many young stars. She most closely resembles Ann Blyth but there's a dash of that other young Bernhardt, Maggie McNamara about her.

In "Susan Slept Here" she does exceptionally well and when I say that I'd have difficulty in recognising her again, it's no reflection on her acting ability.

While we're on the subject of looks, the older Dick Powell gets the more he seems to resemble Joe E. Brown. Not only in facial structure but in his mannerisms, he seems to have copied the comedian's expressions too.

I suppose it's possible that a young girl with all the long talk and sloppy job accoutrements of the teenager could conceivably fall for an obviously fortyish author, but I found it a wee bit difficult to swallow.

However, having accepted the pill, the result is very satisfying.

Debbie is a young juvenile delinquent who's in custody over Christmas for having hit a policeman over the head with a bottle. The two policemen who're supposed to be guarding her bear her up to the force and feel sorry for the child.

They take her to their friend Dick Powell, a successful author who's about to write a book (or a film, I forget which) on juvenile delinquency. They think he might give her a happier Christmas than she'd have in jail and at the same time he could collect material for his work.

Alvy Moore is cast as Powell's character, a somewhat offbeat, from service days who has now become a writer. He's a little

many of the wisecracks that spark the film along.

Dick Powell, who took time off to make this film from the producing on which he concentrates these days, goes through the picture at a fast pace and there's one particularly clever little scene in which, while sitting watching a television play he wrote some years before, he acts both the male and female parts, complete with facial contortions.

Another highlight is the dream sequence in which Debbie Reynolds, Dick Powell and Anne Francis take part. It's a ballet depicting the two girls fighting for the affections of the author and gives us a glimpse of the old Dick Powell in his dancing days some years and many films ago.

I briefly mentioned Alvy Moore, but this former stage star with the crew cut and clipped speech deserves more than a passing word. He's a character with no looks but one I'd like to see, more often in films.

Also on hand to supply laughs and a little pathos is Glenda Farrell. She's still got the same fascinating way of talking and though her looks are a little different now, her trim figure would be a credit to any twenty-year-old.

The former columnist, Harriet Parsons, produced "Susan Slept Here" — see if you can spot the woman's touch.

CROWD OF CRANKS

Jean Cocteau's play "Les Parents Terribles" has been adapted for the screen and given the English title "Intimate Relations". The players are Harold Warrender and Marjorie Reynolds, who's been married to George and Yvonne; Ruth Denning as Leonie, the strong-minded sister of the wife and Russell Enoch as the son Michael around whom the picture revolves.

It's a very strong story concerning Yvonne's morbid, possessive love for her son. She still thinks of him as a child in spite of his 22 years and is horrified when her sister Leonie tells her that his reason for not coming home one night is that he's been with a woman. She persists in imagining the woman as a scheming slut who's led her innocent baby astray.

However, strong though the plot is, it's surpassed by the characterisation.

The wife is an untidy, vacillating diabolist; her husband a dreamer at best, a weekling in any case. That her sister — efficient and beautifully groomed — should, after having lived with them for 23 years, still be in love with him is difficult to understand.

It's a theatrical situation and the players treat it as such. Instead of behaving as most film actors do and ignoring the camera, they use the stage technique and treat it as an audience, delivering the punch lines of their parts, making it straight in the eye moving down stage and centre to do so.

The son's struggle to become an adult in the face of his mother's stifling love is well done by Russell Enoch — his lapses into childishness, although irritating, are quite in character.

Harold Warrender's shambling portrayal of the husband who because of his wife's neglect of him for their son has been driven into the arms of the girl who becomes his son's mistress is slightly overdone. He's a poor fish and one wonders where the family's income comes from, as apparently his inventions never come to anything.

Immediately after having seen the picture I thought he grossly overplayed the pathetic side of the part. On further consideration though, I realised that I've often met people like him.

The girl, Madeleine, beloved by both father and son, is a Swedish actress, Eley Aublin, and the most nearly normal among this crowd of cranks. Even she, however, was on the point of committing suicide when picked up by father George.

A lovely note of irony is introduced when Leonie and George discover that the money George had borrowed from Leonie, ostensibly to help in furthering his scientific research, and which he had in fact given to Madeleine had in turn been used by her to buy a car. "That's just the way it is in this family," wryly remarks Leonie.

This strength of the characterisation lies in the lightning twists and turns of emotion and consequent action. As in real life, no one sees his or her path of action drawn in a straight line — each one is swayed by the emotions of the moment. This is a picture that

This is a picture for all who like the drama, strong and many and definitely not for children.

WONDERFUL SPECTACLE

What a wonderful spectacle is "The Greatest Show On Earth". Cecil B. DeMille adds yet another title to his list of credits with this, and what charms his principal characters are.

First of all there's the man they call the boss man of the circus. Nothing is too large or too small for him to tackle. From temperamental artists, and unscrupulous "operators", to rough edges on the elephants' hooves, they're all in the game for him.

Charlton Heston takes this part and makes "Grand" a really personable character in spite of the hardness he has to use in order to keep the tough circus performers in line. Of course, he does this by letting his heart of gold peep through from time to time, but who wants subtlety in "The Greatest Show On Earth".

Then there's Cornel Wilde as "The Great Sebastian". He's a trapeze artist who rates the centre ring, which in show business means that he has the star spot of the show. Until he's signed on, this place has been Betty Hutton's and when she's moved to Ring One to make way for him the fur really flies.

To Heston falls the task of telling her that she's to take second place and until the fascinating Frenchman arrives to sweep her off her feet she takes it badly. Cornel Wilde is very likeable as Sebastian, with his broken accent, gallantry and Gallic gestures. All are in keeping with the character he plays, and what a physique the man has!

Both Gloria Grahame and Betty Hutton, as elephant girl and trapeze artist respectively, are in love with Heston, but there's always Sebastian to complicate matters.

Gloria Grahame has known Sebastian before and when he makes a play for Betty Hutton, gives her some friendly advice. Naturally this isn't well received and the many little asides between the girls are most amusing. Both girls are delectable, can act and do much to add to the interest of the film.

The third girl starred is Dorothy Lamour as the sun-drenched Phyllis whose looks are so much more glamorous than she herself cares about being. Apart from a few production numbers we don't see a great deal of Dorothy, but look out for a shot of the crowd watching her act — her old sparring in the Road films is there eating popcorn. Hope!

I've said nothing yet about James Stewart. You never see his face in the film, he goes right through it disguised as a clown, but he's got a good reason for this and although he's killed someone, he's such a lovable person that you'll find yourself in complete sympathy with him.

A brief spot in the show is found for Henry Wilcoxon and I thought it was rather surprising, when I saw how well he's worn, that we don't see more of this competent actor.

Lylo Bettger snarls his way through the picture as the German elephant trainer and apart from a couple of minor people who try to break up the Greatest Show On Earth, he's the only obnoxious person in it.

I could have done without Cecil B. DeMille's platitudes in the background from time to time, but in a harmonious film lasting more than 2½ hours it's easy to forget these odd discordant notes.

A lovely, brassy, brash, lovable film to take the whole family to even if you've seen it before. I've seen the trailer of "Monsoon" though not the film itself. From the trailer and press book it looks a pretty powerful piece of drama.

It's set in India and is about a man and his fiancée who go to pay a last visit to the girl's family living in a small Indian village before leaving for England on their honeymoon.

For such an apparently cool girl (Diana Douglas) she has a very stormy family. Her younger sister (Ursula Thiess) has been brought up by the eccentric father to believe that she should always follow her instincts.

The brother is a moody fellow, still brooding over his unfaithful wife who left him during the war. And over them all hangs a 77-foot, white, statue of a Hindu deity, the goddess Kali, who is supposed to be the goddess of destruction. The film is a

Some time ago, when I reviewed "Daria", Day's CinemaScope film "Lucky Me" I spoke of the star's rival for the affections of Robert Cummings. That girl was Martha Hyer and here was a very small part. Now she's featured in a film of her own, "Scarlott Spear".

She and her husband, a District Commissioner in Africa, are trying to persuade the Maasai tribe to give up one of their primitive practices — that of only allowing a new chief to take over the ruling of the tribe after he has killed an enemy.

It's a picture in which Martha Hyer has some stiff competition from the jungle creatures.

Don't Get Ideas About Jane...

Says ROGER LAWRIE

"A prude?" said Jane Russell with that famous half-smile, half-sneer. "No, I don't think I'm that." Boiling on a chaise-longue in a Paris hotel, wearing bright coral earrings, a brilliant tan, and a turquoise dress sitting like a grape skin, she spoke without malice but with a deal of quiet conviction.

It is three years since Jane was last in Europe. And ever since then we have been hearing intriguing rumours of Jane the Sunday School Teacher, Jane the Choir Girl.

So I sought her out in Paris to get the thing straight. Yet, this Jane, who was a member of a Christian group in Hollywood...

Along with three other girls she makes records of religious songs. "They're spirituals. They have bounce and rhythm. They really move, boy!" They sound nothing like hymns.

She shook off a snatch of "Gimme That Old Time Religion." She was right — it sounded nothing like a hymn. "We figure that if it means anything religion must come into life during the week as well as on Sunday. I was brought up on the Bible — I always have one in my dressing-room."

THOSE DANCES And how did she reconcile that with her standing as high priestess of physique? "You mean the high-pressure stuff about my figure?" she said. "Well, that's public life. And — er — dance?"

"Listen," she said. "I don't see anything wrong in a slick dance. As I do them there's nothing in them that would offend my grandmother."

"So long as my films finish with a good moral," she said, "I'm happy. I'd never make a film with a bad moral."

And the film she was making now in Paris — any dances in that?

"Sure," she said. "And if they dream up some snappy little costumes for me, I won't cry. 'After all,' she repeated, smoothing her dress, 'I'm no prude.'"

Wilding's Legs Michael Wilding, in London on a brief visit, talked about his legs. He has just finished playing Prince Charming in a Hollywood version of Cinderella called "The Glass Slipper".

That pert little French ballerina Leslie Caron played Cinderella, and Mr Wilding spent much of his time in lights as her dancing partner.

Before he went to rehearsals he found there were whispers round the studio. "Terribly confidentially they were asking everyone if they knew what my legs were like. They came to Liz [Elizabeth Taylor, his wife] and asked her, too. She said: 'All right, I suppose. I never really thought.' Finally, to put them out of their misery, I unveiled my legs."

"They were so relieved. They were scared. I might appear knock-kneed in ballet lights, and they would have to film someone else's legs on my body."

Take your kids to see Cecil B. DeMille's "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH", the greatest circus epic ever produced. They will want to see it again and again.

NOW SHOWING

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

KILL HIM!

PUSHOVER

A STORY OF TEMPTATION

STARRING: FRED MACMURRAY, PHIL CAREY, AND INTRODUCING KIM NOVAK

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S 5 SHOWS

"PUSHOVER"

Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

ALHAMBRA At 11.30 a.m. Only

"AT WAR WITH THE ARMY"

Jerry Lewis — Dean Martin Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 cts.

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Owing to length of picture please note change of times: AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

20th Century-Fox's first production
photographed with the newly-perfected
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IN CINEMA-SCOPE AND MAGNETIC DIRECTIONAL-STEREOPHONIC SOUND

ADDED ATTRACTION! CinemaScope Short Subject
"NEW HORIZONS" In-Technicolor
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY Gary COOPER in "HIGH MOON" Released thru United Artists — Reduced Admission — ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.

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THE SCARLET SPEAR

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Starring: JOHN BENTLEY and MARTHA HYER

TO-MORROW SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12 NOON

WALT DISNEY'S Technicolor Cartoons
Reduced Adm. Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

KAI-TAK PLAYERS

A NEW STAGE COMEDY

"ESCAPADE"

by Roger MacDougall

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN Oct. 8th & 9th (Next to China Fleet Club) at 8.15 a.m.
Hans Kroll Bookings: Martin

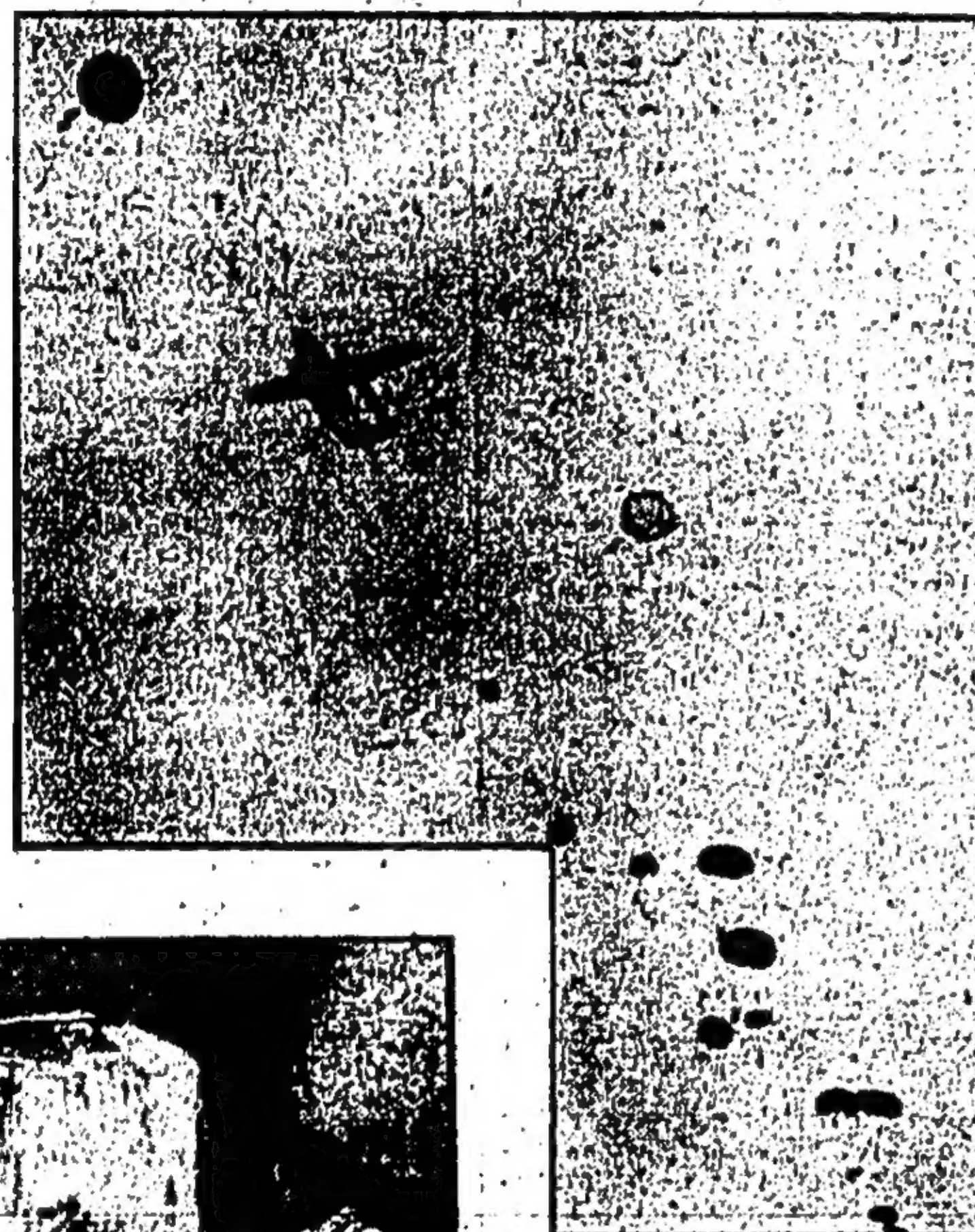
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



MR William Grimes, London Museum director, is pictured here with the finely preserved marble head of the god Mithras, recovered from the remains of a Roman temple dedicated to the Mithras cult and unearthed on a building site near the Mansion House in the City of London recently. (Reuterphoto)



BACKSTAGE at the Royal Artillery Tattoo at Woolwich. On the left, RA Band Boy Robert Johnson compares his bugle with the giant tuba played by Sgt Ray Gordon, of the 32nd US Army Band. Above: Band Boy Barry Carben and Therese Cozens dress up for their parts in the pageant depicting the return of the "Royal Horse and Foot Artillery" from the Crimea. (Army News)



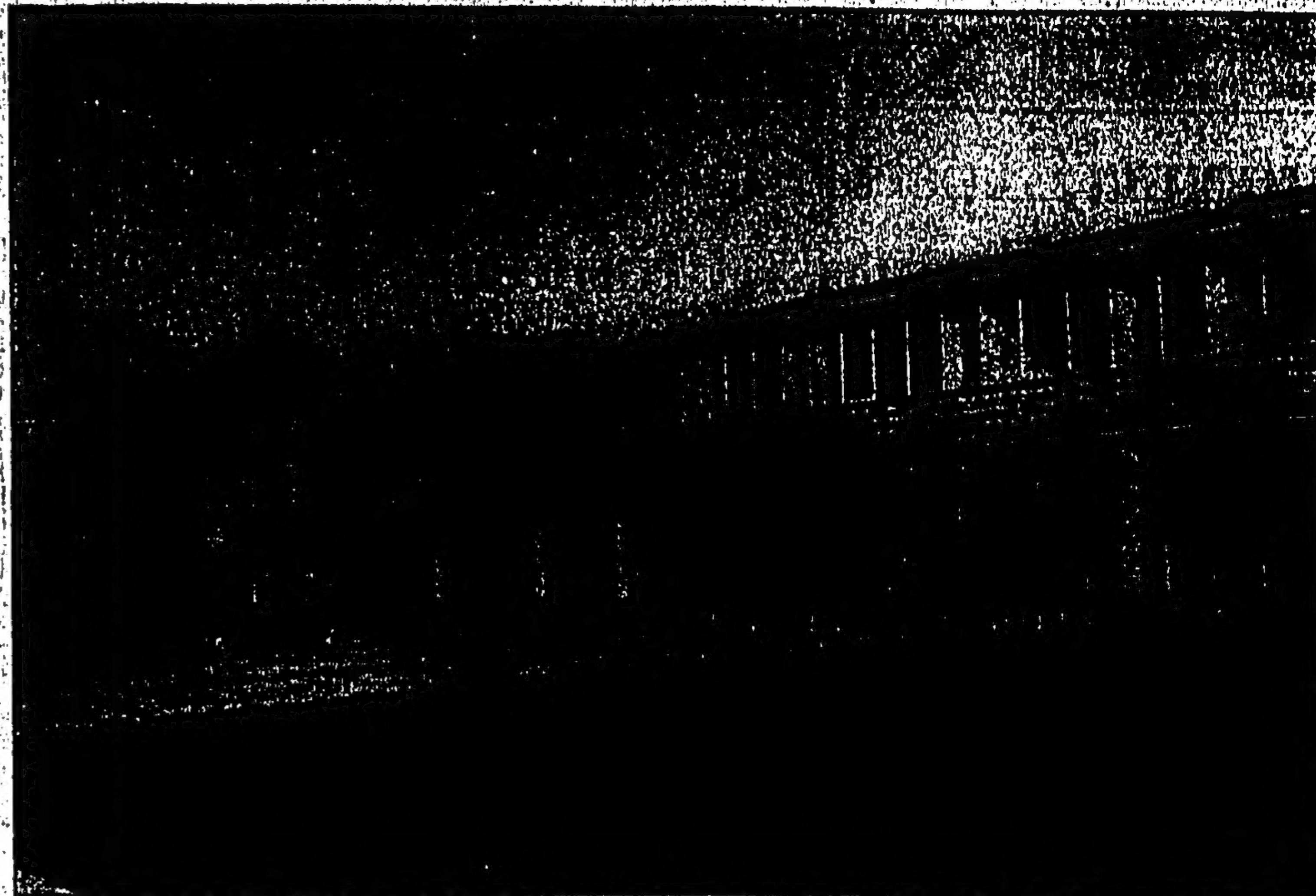
A drop in progress during the Airborne Territorial Army exercise, "Cockney Caper," at Stamford, Norfolk. The parachutists were carried by C119 aircraft provided by 322 Air Division, US Air Force. (Army News)



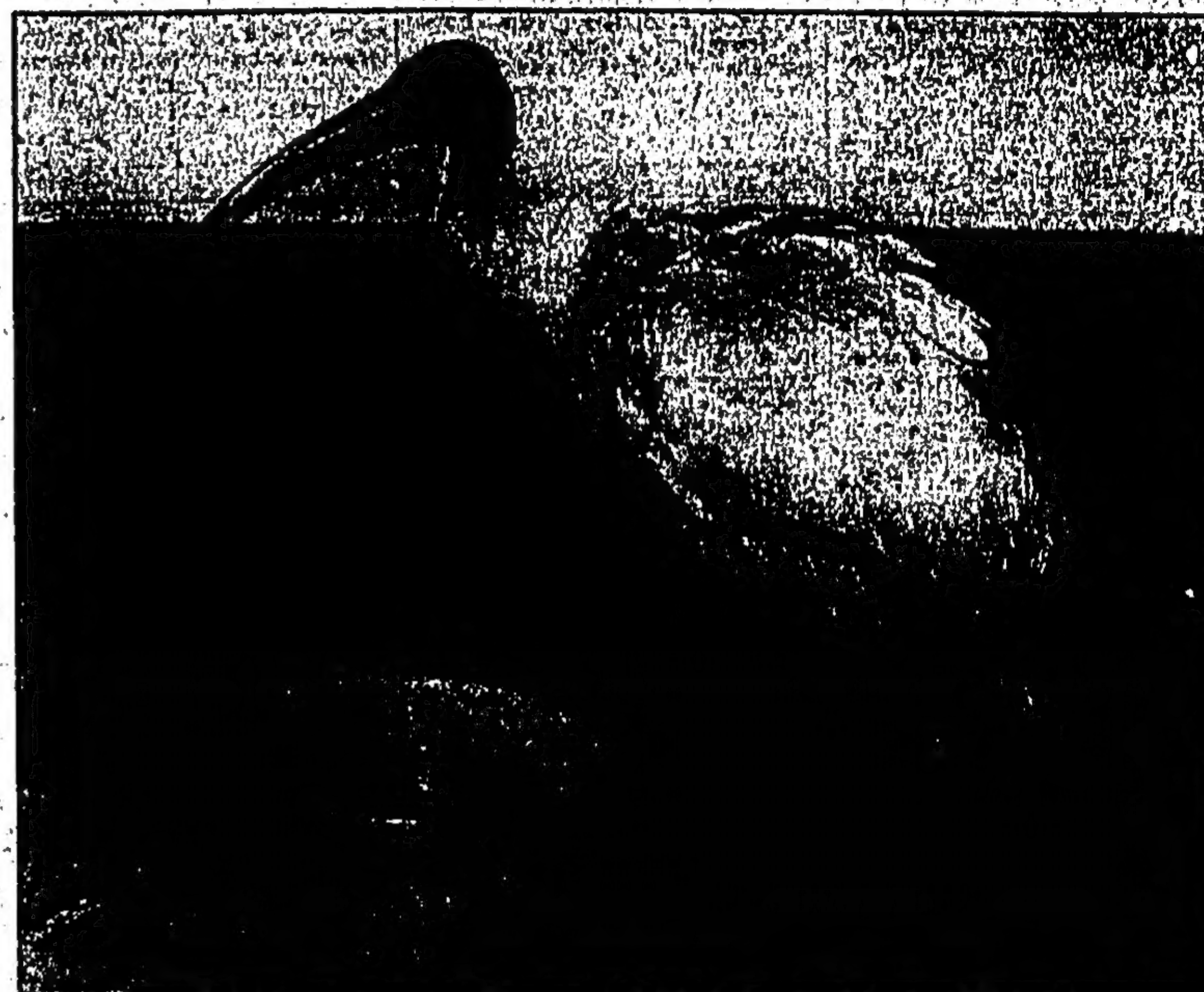
LEFT, above: Weavers plying their craft in a medieval forge in the village of Over Stowey, Somerset. Miss G. E. Dickinson (right) is the chairman of the Somerset Guild of Weavers, Spinners and Dyers. (Reuterphoto)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who is planning to return to the screen, is seen with the actress, The Duke of York, in a scene from the film "The Duke of York". (Express)



THE London County Council's first specially built comprehensive school at Kidbrooke, which will accommodate 1,700 girls. Occupying an area of about 10 acres, with 16 acres of playing fields, the school cost over £600,000. (Express)



RIGHT: An African Ibis, sacred bird of the ancient Egyptians, which was found sitting dazed near Cambridge. It is a mystery how it arrived in England. The bird is now at the Cambridge RSPCA clinic. (Express)



ACTOR-DIRECTOR Peter Ustinov and his 25-year-old French-Canadian wife, Suzanne Cloutier, coming ashore from the liner Antilles at Plymouth after a West Indies cruise. In the cot is their daughter, Paula Marina, who was born in California. (Express)



AT a West End party honouring the 60th birthday of novelist J. B. Priestley. The woman smoking the cigar is Mrs Priestley, who has joined the select flat of women diners-out that prefer a man-sized cigar for an after meal smoke. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



How To Save £100 (and live longer) By —

SIGNING THE CARROT PLEDGE

By CHAPMAN
PINCHER

If you are willing to sign a pledge that you will never eat meat again you can now insure your life at a cut-price rate.

After consultations with leading doctors the chiefs of a London insurance company are satisfied that vegetarians are likely to live longer than meat eaters.

So they are offering discounts of from five percent to 10 percent on life premiums to people willing to live on eggs, cheese, nuts, milk, carrots, and other vegetables.

Young people buying a house through insurance can save £100 by signing the no-meat pledge.

For many years insurance companies have given reduced premium rates to people who sign the pledge to abstain from alcohol.

This is the first move to apply the fast-growing medical belief that more people now die from over-eating than from over-drinking.

Too much fat

This belief is based on three lines of evidence:—

1 THE COMMONEST form of heart disease—coronary thrombosis—seems to be partly caused by too much animal fat in the diet. Coronary thrombosis is much rarer in countries where little meat fat is eaten than it is in Britain or America.

2 INSURANCE companies' statisticians are satisfied that being overweight reduces life expectancy. Vegetarians are less likely to be over-fat than meat eaters.

3 VEGETARIANS take such good care of themselves that they rarely injure their health by too much drink.

Clients need produce no evidence that they are vegetarians apart from signing the undertaking. This reads: "I declare that from this date I will not knowingly partake of flesh, including fish and fowl, as food."

How does the company check that the pledge is being kept? It does not. The company trusts to its clients' honour though it may ask them to re-sign the pledge every year.

Anyone who admits breaking the rule by succumbing to the temptation of a juicy steak or a slice of Christmas turkey has to pay at the full premium rate—back-dated to the signing of the pledge.

(London Express Service).



"What have we stopped to celebrate this time—the Battle of Bannockburn or Battle of Britain Week?"

The Giles Family is now heading South from the Highlands. London Express Service



WE stocked up with sugar cane and a few bananas marauding elephants had left in the deserted village. And in the evening we struck the Ikoy River at another more recently deserted village.

We found an old abandoned dug-out. This would just float us.

About 11.30 p.m. having entered the N'Gounie River, we saw a few dug-outs tied up by a clearing in the jungle. There was a village near by.

The Fang led the way. There was a light in one dwelling only, glimmering through the bamboo slats. The sound of drums came from inside. Someone was singing.

My Fang knocked at the door.

So fearful

ALL noise stopped within. The door was yanked open. A human creature, decorated more fearfully than a talented Hollywood make-up artist, could achieve, confronted our torch.

I FIND MYSTERY in a BAMBOO HUT

TOM STACEY stumbles
into a night of evil

My Fang let out a cry, and he and his wife turned and ran for the dug-out. But I and my Nigerian remained.

The decorated creature—an old woman, witch-doctor—was wholly covered with white chalk. Her eyes were rimmed with red paint. Her hands were painted red. The crown of her head was covered with leopard-skin.

She wore a kind of coloured straw wig, supplemented by red parrot feathers. She wore the top of a human skull fixed over her forehead like a tennis player's sun shield, and small necklaces.

Her whole whitened body was streaked with red. She wore only an apron.

They flee

I PUSHED past the witch into the hut. There I saw the rest of them—about 20 hideously decorated men, women, and children, crumpled round a central fire in the 12ft. by 12ft. hut. The stink of the bowls of "medicine" in the middle was not enjoyable.

I stared for a second.

Then, suddenly, they skeddaddled. Granny, behind me, gave a little cry, and the whole lot of them tried to burst through the bamboo bark and board walls.

I captured nine in the hut at the point of the pistol. Granny and the others got away.

TOM STACEY, the explorer-in-Africa, reports today the second part of his adventure into largely unexplored territory. In his last message he told how, accompanied by a Fang tribesman, the Fang's 14-year-old wife, and a Nigerian, he discovered a "ghost village" in the jungle. Now he takes up the trail again. . . .

I left the bewildered Nigerian with the pistol to keep guard over the prisoners (my rifle was still away down the hill in the dug-out). I ran out with the torch and caught two men escaping into the jungle.

Then I searched the dozen huts of the village and collected any "medicine" I found. I put it all in the "medicine hut," which was now converted into a prison.

The "medicine" consisted of bowls of leaves soaked with unidentifiable flesh, bowls of strongly smelling bark, and various coloured pastiches for body-decoration. I went down to try to persuade my Fang (and his wife) that all was safe, and that the ju-ju (sorcery) would not affect him. But he stayed in the dug-out.

When I returned to the hut—not a very big hut, containing 13 people and enough "medicine" for a regiment of witch-

doctors—I tried to find out what had been going on. I learned only, from the tremendous fear my prisoners had of me, that I had struck a singularly fishy little party, whose object was to cure the virulent diseases which had invaded the village.

Demonstration

MY plan was to keep everyone there until morning, and allow no one to go to sleep. I hoped to wear down their resistance.

I made a number of speeches throughout the night, to show how evil and silly were these practices. I explained all about germs. I nearly quoted the Declaration of Independence.

I gave a demonstration of white man's medicine. I got out my large pliers and pulled out the tooth of a man tormented by an abscess. I then gave him five aspirins at pistol point.

I was taking no chances with white man's medicine. Tooth-Ache slept beautifully.

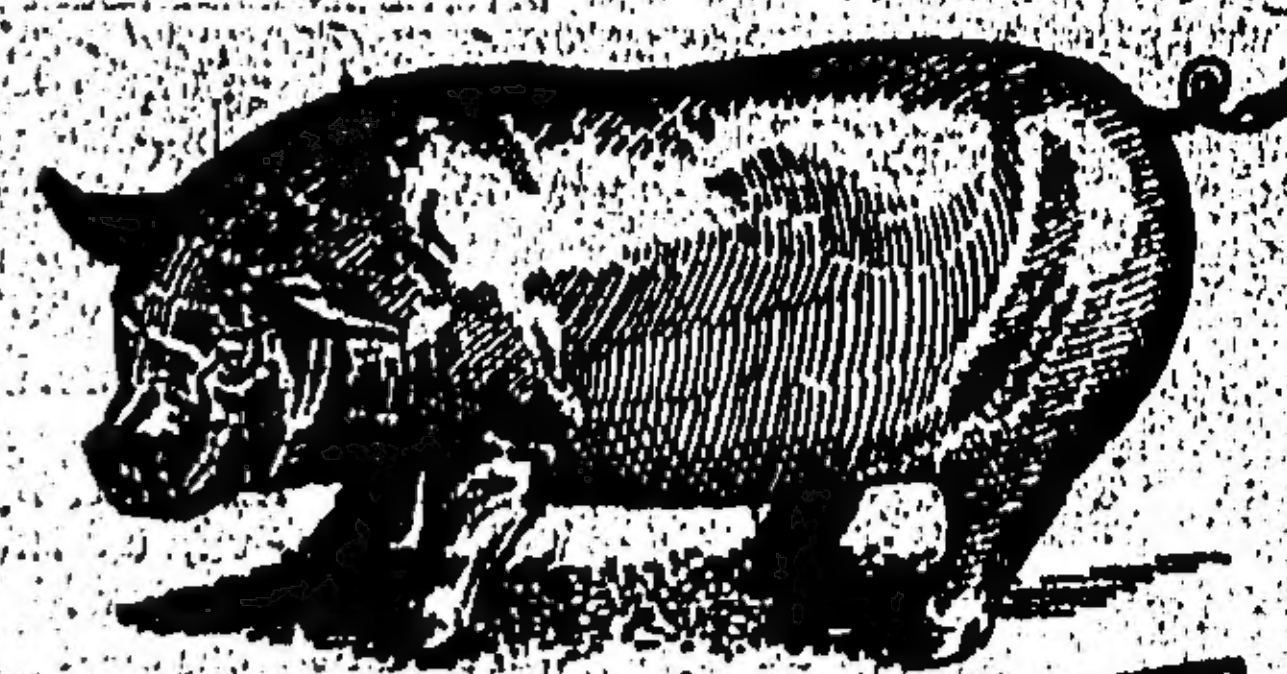
At dawn I brought them all out into the hard daylight. I made them all redecorate themselves thoroughly; then I made each one wash in front of the others, and hand his decorations to me.

I know the name of this village. By appearance it is a civilized affair. It is marked on the French District Officer's map, which I am carrying.

If I were to tell the French Administration about what I saw and deduced, the villagers would be in for a good hiding. The chief (who is among those who escaped in the jungle) would go to jail if captured. The witch-doctor would go to jail and stay there.

But I am not saying anything. I do not think these miserable tribesmen have been given a chance to behave otherwise. My acquaintances with them have been short, but I have seen them as Europeans rarely have.

About four joint of PORK



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OF CONSISTENT
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THE CAT THAT GOES TO THE CINEMA

THERE is something alarming about the cat which visits a North London cinema each evening in time to take in the last show.

Reliable observers advise us that this animal has not missed a performance in over a year.

It is not so much that the cat shows shocking bad taste and lack of discrimination (after all, there must have been at least ONE bad picture in a year).

In fact, we are inclined to think that the cat does not go to see the picture at all. Otherwise, surely, it would only go when the time chance—after the third performance—even a cat could get bored.

The explanation must be that it goes to watch the people who go to see the picture. Like the cat, the people who go to see the picture are not interested in the picture itself, but in the people who go to see the picture. The cat is a detective, and it is interested in the people who go to see the picture.

throw light upon the evolution of the cat. Indeed, there may be much here which will serve as object lessons for us. By studying humans, cats may, indeed, learn a great deal about their dangerous latent tendencies.

"In any case, the obvious economic value of the human being to cats may, to some extent, justify the exhaustive labour which has gone into this work."

Somewhere about chapter three, the cat will get down to the meat of the thing: the extraordinary cinema-going habits of the human being.

PROFESSOR J. B. S. Haldane

is all for talking to the insects.

He explores the use of chemicals which "destroy the good insects as well as the bad ones" and suggests that the bad ones should be scared away by "using their own language or signals understood by them."

Unfortunately, the good insects are destined to be killed, and the bad ones are destined to be scared away. The cat is a detective, and it is interested in the people who go to see the picture.

How Do We Talk To The Insects?

rather than got up in the middle of the night and went the dashed thing. I am not particularly impressed by the efficacy of talking to bugs. No doubt, however, we have been using the wrong language.

Haldane, I devoutly hope, will fill that gap for us when he is through with what-
ever is bothering him at the moment.

In the meantime, a number of questions remain. How can we talk to the insects? How can we talk to the insects? How can we talk to the insects?

"This behaviour is the more extraordinary when it is noticed—as I perceived immediately—that though the figures change and the sequence of action changes superficially, the underlying idea appears in only three or four major forms."

"There is what is known as the 'boy meets girl' plot, the 'cowboy shoots injun (badman, Communist)' story, and 'cop kills robber' plot."

"So dull-witted are these creatures, however, that they appear, in the main, to be quite indifferent to this monotonous sequence. Occasionally, a brighter creature among them

your presence is not now required here and you may feel free to depart at your pleasure!"

On a higher scientific level, it is possible that the cockroach will one day tell us why it travels with maddening determination across the wall when there is nothing on the far side more interesting than where it started."

Can we explain to the insects that the only way to survive is to be a cockroach? Can we explain to the insects that the only way to survive is to be a cockroach? Can we explain to the insects that the only way to survive is to be a cockroach?

points it out. But he is invariably labelled 'egg-head' or 'intellectual' and accordingly dismissed."

"The only possible explanation is that these creatures have been designed by nature to provide economic security for cats. So long as their minds can be taken off reality at regular intervals, they survive admirably. Face them with the clear perception common among us, and they would probably go mad."

"Let this, then, be a warning to those of our younger set who have recently taken to hanging about in yawning groups. The next stage might mean an evolutionary reversion—and disaster."

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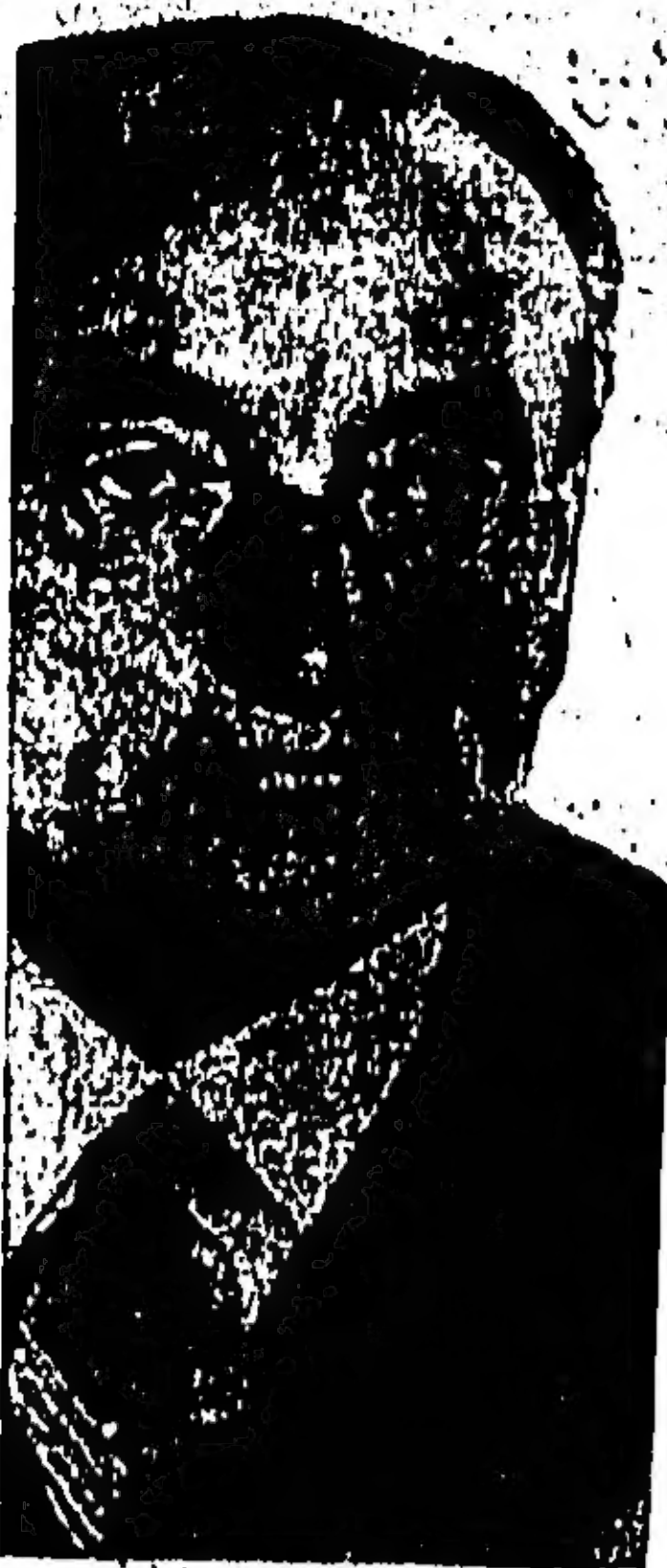
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FOR MY LADY!

Your inspection is invited



TILLET
Should a union ride a bicycle?

SUPPOSE I wrote in this newspaper of Sir Vincent Tewson (or of Sir Lincoln Evans or of Sir Will Lawther or of Mr Arthur Deakin) that he rode a bicycle, and received £300 a year. Is it likely that I should be sued for libel on the ground that this constituted an imputation of lush living discreditable in one who represents the working man?

If not, that is because times have radically changed. Sixty years ago, when a Conservative journal called The Morning printed precisely such a report about Ben Tillett, that notable and militant trade union leader considered himself outrageously defamed.

The Morning added to his sense of grievance by the comment that "the dockers not unnaturally regard the suddenness with which their secretary has sprung to comparative affluence with feelings of anger and envy," and by suggesting that decency ordained that he should resign.

Ben Tillett himself did not doubt what this implied; that he had been promoting his own interests at the expense of his needy union

HONOUR at STAKE

No 6

By Edgar Lustgarten

members. His reputation as a paladin of labour was at stake and he sought redress through an action in the courts....

There is something a shade incongruous in the spectacle afforded by Ben Tillett's appeal to the sanctions of the law. Those were not days—again in sharp contrast with these—when trade union chiefs were champions of established order, arriving to attend sedate conferences at Ministries with brief-cases as smart and glossy as the Minister's. The working class had yet to wrest their elementary rights from a ruling class mostly minded to withhold them—a state of affairs which imposed a pattern on their leaders, just as a different pattern is imposed by their happier state today.

Men like Tillett (who had won his fame in the successful London dock strike of 1889) relied on their power to inform, and not conciliate; they held forth, not at Whitehall, but at Hyde Park or Tower Hill, in their own eyes they were rebels against the existing system, and in the eyes of many others not far short of outlaws.

'This mild man'

NONE the less, Ben Tillett's counsel presents him to the jury as "this mild and peaceful citizen," and Tillett at first does not believe that description in the box. Only when countering the statements of The Morning ("I take £100 a year, though they offered me £250," "I ride a bicycle on doctor's orders, and I am paying for it by instalments,") do the nostrils dilate and the eyes flash with resentment.

It takes cross-examination to bring out the real Tillett, to transform "the mild and peaceful citizen" into the fierce firebrand that sets London docks alight.

"You complain, I understand," says Edward Carson, for The Morning, "that this is not a fair criticism of you?"

"Utterly unfair," says Tillett, snorting like a charger at the scent of battle.

"Have you ever exceeded fair criticism in attacking your opponents?"

'When rebel meets rebel, be sure the sparks will fly'

be sure the sparks will fly

'CUT-THROAT,' said Ben Tillett

...AND IN HIS BATTLE WITH THE WILY CARSON IT HELPED TO LOSE HIS CASE

"Never," says Tillett, using flat for emphasis.

Carson has quite a lot in common with Ben Tillett; he is as combative, as fearless, and—in his way and on a different plane—as great a rebel. And when rebel confronts rebel, be sure the sparks will fly.

"I want to ask you about some of the speeches you have made," Carson has a bundle of clippings in his hand; he looks them over with an air of grim amusement. "In February, 1890, did you say on Tower Hill 'Smith, the dock director, tricked the men deliberately because he is a liar'?"

"Yes," says Tillett instantly. "Did you mean it?"

"Yes," says Tillett instantly. Carson nods as if bestowing approval.

"In March 1890 did you say at Liverpool that blacklegs were Judases, Careys and Pigotters?"

"Yes," says Tillett instantly. "Did you mean by that they were betrayers, informers and perjurers?"

"I did and I do." The place and the occasion are fading now for Tillett; he sees Carson not as an advocate in a court but as a heckler in a crowd, to whom sound policy forbids the least concession.

"Was the reason for calling them these names—that they went to work and did not join your union?"

"Certainly," Tillett replies, as if it stands to reason.

Carson again consults his batch of clippings, which he manipulates like a lucky dip.

"Is it your habit to abuse judges who decide, as you think, wrongly?"

"No," says Tillett, after a moment's thought—in a tone that hints he is regretting the omission.

"Perhaps you have forgotten," says Carson helpfully. "Did you say about a trial before the

"Do you know a gentleman named Laws?"

"A man, not a gentleman," Tillett carefully corrects him.

"Did you call him a cut-throat?"

"Yes."

"Have you described free labourers as 'burglars, pick-pockets and prostitutes' bullies?"

"Yes."

"Have you described your political opponents as 'fat-gutted and full-pursed anarchists, from the bishops upwards'?"

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"Yes."



CARSON
...a lucky dip among the clippings

jury's eyes, so that even if labelled its value would be reckoned in some contemptuous coin like a shilling or a farthing.

But how do you forfeit all rights under the law of defamation merely because you have been vituperative about—or even have been actually defamatory of—others?

'Burglars, bullies'

THE explanation lies in this indisputable fact: a verdict owes as much to environment as it does to logic. English juries don't condemn for murder: because of a prisoner's morals—as with Mrs Maybrick, as with Mrs Thompson. But it is far more difficult to win a libel or slander verdict if your politics are not in contemporary vogue.

So Ben Tillett strove under heavy handicap before the jury in 1895. Today I would wager even money on his chances. Special juries, with their upper class stamp, have been abolished and ordinary juries may be crowded with Ben Tillets.

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Next Saturday:
The Man With The Perfect Memory

THE PRESIDENT DOES AN 83 AT GOLF BUT HIS CRITICS ASK:

WHAT ABOUT THE ELECTION SCORE?

By Evelyn Irons

New York. If President Eisenhower is dismayed by the Republican setback, in which the traditionally Republican State of Maine elected a Democrat as its new governor, he is not showing it. He called no council of war; he rallied no emergency conference. There is no indication that he even batted an eyelid.

Instead, 10 minutes before the 9 a.m. departure time scheduled for the day after the election, he hopped into his black, bullet-proof limousine, and drove into the Rocky Mountains for a holiday from his holiday.

Presumably refreshed, he is back at Denver, Colorado, to resume his official "vacation," which started on August 21, and is due to end sometime between October 3 and 17.

The retreat where Ike has gone to get away from it all is near Fraser, Colorado, among the 12,000 ft. Rocky Mountain ranges. Here a 1,900-acre cattle ranch with well-stocked mountain streams is an old haunt of the President. He has often been there to stay with old friends who own it.

At his heels

Meanwhile his enemies in his own party are yapping at his heels. According to extreme right-wing Republicans, Ike is not pulling his weight in the campaign to win the November Congressional elections.

Let us take a look at this "holiday" with his wife Mamie at 730 Lafayette Street, home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Doud, in an ordinary middle-class neighbourhood in Denver.

Like a methodical old soldier, 64-year-old Eisenhower has a routine. He is up at 6 or 6.30 a.m. every day, and breakfasts (usually on grapefruit and coffee prepared by his valet, occasionally on bacon and eggs cooked by his mother-in-law). Then he takes a stroll in the garden where it is cool at this

hour, although the mid-day temperature is a blazing 85 degrees.

About 7.30 a.m. he drives six miles to the Lowry Air Force base, which has been converted into his "Denver White House." The President has plenty to do. Among other chores, he has had more than 600 Bills to sign—or refuse to sign, which he did to the labour union's fury in the case of a proposed five percent pay raise for Government workers.

Robert Montgomery pop in to coach him for a broadcast speech. Sherman Adams, his White House assistant, arrives for a consultation.

More work

Before midday Ike is off to play golf at Denver's Cherry Hills Country Club. Last month he was playing badly, admitting that maybe Far Eastern affairs put him off his stroke. But the other day, playing with crony Dan Thornton, Governor of the State of Colorado, he went round in 83.

The President takes a light lunch in the club house, and after his 18 holes he may sit down to a rubber of bridge.

At 4 p.m. he's back home, where usually more work awaits him. Even on the golf course he has not been away from it; while one of his detective bodyguards carries a machine-gun in a golf-bag, another has a two-way radio, contacting telephone.

You'd think Ike would then sit down and let Mamie or mother-in-law "Min" get dinner, but no. According to other day, playing with crony Dan Thornton, Governor of the State of Colorado, he went round in 83.

There is a barbecue grill in Mrs Doud's back garden where the President enjoys cooking a steak for dinner.

Hoover shocked

After that Ike reads his favourite Westerns, or watches TV until bedtime, or sharp at 10.30 p.m., unless he is entertaining friends from the Augusta golf club in Georgia to dinner and bridge.

Here, 60 miles from Denver, he is plagued by crowds watching and shouting encouragement from a road near the stream. That's why he prefers fishing at the more remote Byers Peak ranch, where he went recently with another buddy, ex-President Herbert Hoover.

Even there news-hawks were after him, and he was pictured grilling steaks on a mobile outdoor barbecue.

Hoover was shocked by the violation of the President's privacy.

Another lap

"That's one of the degeneration of the 80 years," he commented dryly.

Last week President Eisenhower entered another lap of the intensive speaking programme necessitated by current election pressure. Flying in his private aeroplane, Columbine—which is shortly to be replaced by another more "luxurious" craft, he went to Missoula, Montana, on Wednesday, to hold the same day made a speech at Wallawalla in Washington State.

The next day he had two speeches: the more important in Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles, where he faced the formidable Federation of Republican Women, and next day, before leaving Los Angeles for Denver, he addressed a meeting of the American Federation of Labour.

This is on a par with a recent week, when he flew more than 5,000 miles making speeches. All of which may partially explain to people, bewildered by stories of barbecues, fishing and golf, that Ike is not such a leisurely after-all.

Reading Character By Handwriting—No. 5

ARE YOU A MISER? OR DO YOU POSSESS A GENEROUS NATURE?

By "Scribbler"

A THIRTY or A generous nature tells in your handwriting, and what to look for is the spacing between the words and the lines, as well as the margins. A graphologist must examine them both to see if they are wide or narrow, or both.

Thrifty is seen in handwriting where there is hardly any space between the words, and the lines of writing run into each other. The more closely spaced the words and the lines are, the more thrifty is the writer.

On the other hand, if a little "daylight" is seen between the words, the writer will be economical and careful but not stingy. His dealings with people show a great deal of care and caution, and he never takes chances where the risks are excessive.

Wide space between words and lines as seen in the EXAMPLES reveal a person with a generous nature. These large spaces also indicate clearness of ideas and straight-to-the-point thinking.

However, if a writer leaves a great deal of space between his words and lines, he will be generous to a fault. Wastefulness and extravagance are seen in extreme cases where much too much space is allowed. These writers have ideas that are grandiose and impossible of attainment.

In judging handwriting for thrift or generosity, it is wrong

to judge either of these traits just because the handwriting is small or large. The size of handwriting alone does not play such an important part in determining whether a person is generous or thrifty as does the spacing between words and lines.

For example, if there are very close spaces between words and lines, and the letters are made

or loosen the purse strings is offered by the margins. Wide margins all around the page—left and right sides as well as top and bottom—disclose good taste and an instinct for fine things, thus a desire to spend money to acquire them.

All-round wide margins also denote judgment in procuring finest values in return for expenditure. Wide margins on both sides without the same on

narrow margins at the left only but wide right margins reveal a writer who has to force himself to practise thrift, but who usually fails to carry through his good intentions, as his nature is more inclined towards spending than saving.

Sometimes you will come across a margin which starts close to the left on the top of the page but which becomes much wider at the bottom of the page. This writer has a generous soul but is forced by

you'll know that a sound knowledge

in tiny formations, this small handwriting bears out the trait of thrift. However, if this small handwriting is accompanied by wide spaces, even though the writer may not spend much on himself (the small formation indicates modest desires) he is generous to others.

In reverse, if there are very close spaces between words and lines, but the letter formations are large, then the tight spaces denote a thrifty person. An additional set of clues to enable a graphologist to discover whether a particular script reveals a desire to lighten

top and bottom indicate generosity, which might lead to extravagance if not controlled.

A person who tries to overcome a tendency to extravagance shows this trait by writing with a large margin on the left side only. This might develop into an attitude of making the minor thrift offset the major extravagance.

Where the margins on both sides of the page are proportionately too narrow or missing entirely, extreme economy or extravagance is indicated. The writer is either very careful in money, day he will refuse to part with trifles or positively stingy, or a

necessity or design to practise thrift.

The reverse is seen where the margin tapers down from wide to narrow on the left side. This writer has temporary spurges of extravagance, but these spurges are quickly controlled by an inherent sense of thrift.

Margins that follow no definite line, but weave in and out, reveal that the writer has sporadic spurges of extravagance and thrift. One day he will be generous, but the next day he will refuse to part with trifles or positively stingy, or a

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



KID BERG STILL EATS FIRE—AS STUNT MAN

STEPHANIE, a bright little brunette of eight, would be very indignant if anyone insisted that her father, the dotting father who drives her to prep school at Windsor on Monday mornings, used to make a very good living out of a blood-lust.

"I could see blood, smell blood," said father, as we sat with his pretty blonde wife, Morya, in the trim sitting-room of their recently acquired house hard by the leafy pleasure of Regent's Park.

"To me a fight was like a meal. I just had to fight. When I was in the ring, my one intention was to get as near as I could to killing the other man. I tear him to shreds. I cut him to pieces."

Thus Mr Jack Kid Berg, born Judah Bergman, and just plain Yiddle to tens of thousands of admirers from Aldgate Pump to Brooklyn, from Johannesburg to Bermuda.

Kid Berg — the East End fighter who never stepped back in 20 years of reckless, snarled scraping... the hurricane Limey, who compelled admiration from a million Americans in 75 hell-fire fights against the toughest opposition they could find from coast to coast.

Spender

The riotous spender and the snappy dresser... the Jewish lad who thrashed Andre Routis, Harry Corbett, Johnny Curley, Alf Mancini, Mushy Callahan, Tony Canzoneri, Kid Chocolate, Billy Petrolle, George Rose, Len Wickwar, Harry Mizler, Gustave Humery, Pat Butler, Harry Mason, Jake Kilrain, Tippy Larkin, Eric Boon, and a hundred other champions and near-champions.

Does he still eat fire in 1954? Yes. The fighting

By
George Whiting

face now decorates film screens. The boy whose first pennies came from rescuing hats blown from open-top buses down White-chapel way, approaches middle-age as a stunt man. Just now, the pugilistic nose bears marks of a cafe brawl in a studio representation of Paris... he fights on stairs... rides horses over cliffs... jumps into moats off castle walls... expands five inches on a manly chest... swims under water.

Property

The money does not begin to compare with the £150,000 Yiddle earned in the ring, but there are property interest, holdings in metal shares, the Regent's Park house, and soon (he hopes) a modest investment in a cafe. He also wants to find a young fighter he can build into a heavyweight champion of the world. Who doesn't?

Records tell us that Berg is 48, a computation hotly denied by this soft-spoken man who put sustained savagery on a commercial basis.

"I'm 46," he declares. "I was only 14½ when I got 17s. 6d. for my first fight, against Young Ginger, at Premierland, but I had to tell them I was 17, and I've been stuck with those extra years ever since."

But who cares for dates and record books? This Berg man is ageless in the memories of all of us who saw him bust the nose of Mushy Callahan to win what they used to call the junior welterweight championship of the world... or

watched him hammer the creamy hide of Harry Mizler to become lightweight champion of Britain 20 years ago.

Now there was a performance Berg v. Mizler. Jew v. Jew, Yiddle v. Hymie, thunder v. lightning, fighter v. boxer. East End neighbours of rare distinction settling sharp differences with fists.

"Maybe I had just a little bit of 'needle' that night," says Berg. "I was only a few months back from four or five years fighting in the States, and people were telling me I was finished. Then somebody laughed in my face when I was over the odds and had to go on the scales twice at the weigh-in. That annoyed me."

"I remember. You looked that way," I said.

"Ah, but none of you knew what went on at the Albert Hall before the fight," replied Berg. "When I arrived, I found that Mizler had jumped my dressing-room. It appeared it was the room he'd always used, but my name was on the door."

"Anyway, there he was, all ready changed and sitting down in his dressing gown. Maybe he thought I would use some other room, but I told him I was staying put, and invited him to stay put as well if he felt like it."

"I undressed, taped my hands, and then put on what I still consider was quite an act. I shadow-boxed round the room, hitting out, shifting around, and grunting like I meant business. And then was Mizler, sitting down with his head in his hands, watching me between his fingers. I'll bet that was the first and only time a champion of England has watched his challenger work out under his nose a few minutes before they went into the ring."

The hurricane

I reckon so, too.

But the Albert Hall crowd were told nothing of these backstage goings-on. All they knew was that they had paid for a fierce, splintering clash of styles — and they certainly got it.

But the Mizler men among them also got disillusionment, for a red-seeing Berg swept into action like a man avenging a century of indignity — venomous, two-fisted, unrelenting of consequence, scornful of opposition, impervious to hurt.

The dark, smooth Mizler, whose educated left hand had blazed brilliant trails through the amateurs and shot him sky-high to the professional lightweight championship against honest Johnny Cuthbert, was bundled completely out of his

Where are the Kings of the Ring today?



Jack Kid Berg relaxes at home with his wife, Morya, and eight-year-old daughter, Stephanie.

★ The fighting face now decorates film screens... and he boasts of the scholarship that daughter Stephanie is going to win

calculating stride by the hurricane Berg.

Mizler ceded his title under remorseless fire, his once might left bent innocuously as he missed its target so frequently that he could neither tame the belligerence of his challenger nor shake his confidence.

The pace set and sustained by Berg was something never before experienced by Mizler, and before the fighting was three rounds old, the champion's inability to deal with body punches was advertised by crimson patches round his ribs.

Next Saturday:

The American marine who won the heavyweight championship of the world is an unrecognized man today.

Berg, schooled in 50 or more no-quarter brawls in America, was essentially an in-fighter, Mizler preferred to keep the full extent of his long left arm between himself and his opponent.

On this occasion the non-stop methods of Berg prevailed — and Mizler, shocked out of a polished routine that had made him champion, had neither pace nor quick-wittedness to escape the consequences.

Also, as I remember that fight, he played straight into Berg's eager hands by daring to stand toe to toe — accepting a

mode of fighting to which he was an ill-equipped stranger. And in so doing he got himself into tangles impossible of solution.

Berg made it plain that there was to be no compromise, no leisurely measurement of distance, no dilettante manoeuvring for picture-book boxing. Everything as plain as a pick-staff — bang and wallop. When Mizler led with his left, the tense, flushed Berg took it, ignored it, and pressed on.

In hospital

Only for the first two rounds, certainly no more, did Berg betray signs of a caution most alien to one so accustomed to quick explosion. But his natural aggressiveness was not long concealed. Once he discovered Mizler was floundering under close-quarter fire, he throw'd all care away, and enjoyed himself.

Did Mizler, then, fall completely? By no means. To his everlasting credit, he stuck manfully to the job of defending his championship.

There were times when even the onrushing Berg had to pause for breath, and Mizler neglected no such opportunity to pick the snapping jaws and glinting eyes with punches straight from the text-book. There were even occasions when his efforts were rewarded by a wobble.

But, after six rounds, the issue was plain even to those of us outside Mizler's corner — the one tiny territory where it

was known that, since the second round, their champion had been fighting with injured hands.

At the end of ten rounds, the harried Mizler struck his flag, shed a few tears, then pulled himself to his full height to offer honest and manly congratulations to his conqueror.

"You know," recalled Berg, "Mizler never really had much of a chance once he started going backwards. The only men who ever frightened me were the ones who came forward. I beat Mizler again in 1941, but between those two fights we met in a four-rounds exhibition when we were corporals together in the RAF. Next day, Harry was having repairs in the hospital."

Many men went to hospital after Jack Kid Berg had finished with them. But nowadays, Yiddle boasts of other things... such as the trellis he built in the garden... and the scholarship that Stephanie is going to win down Windsor way.



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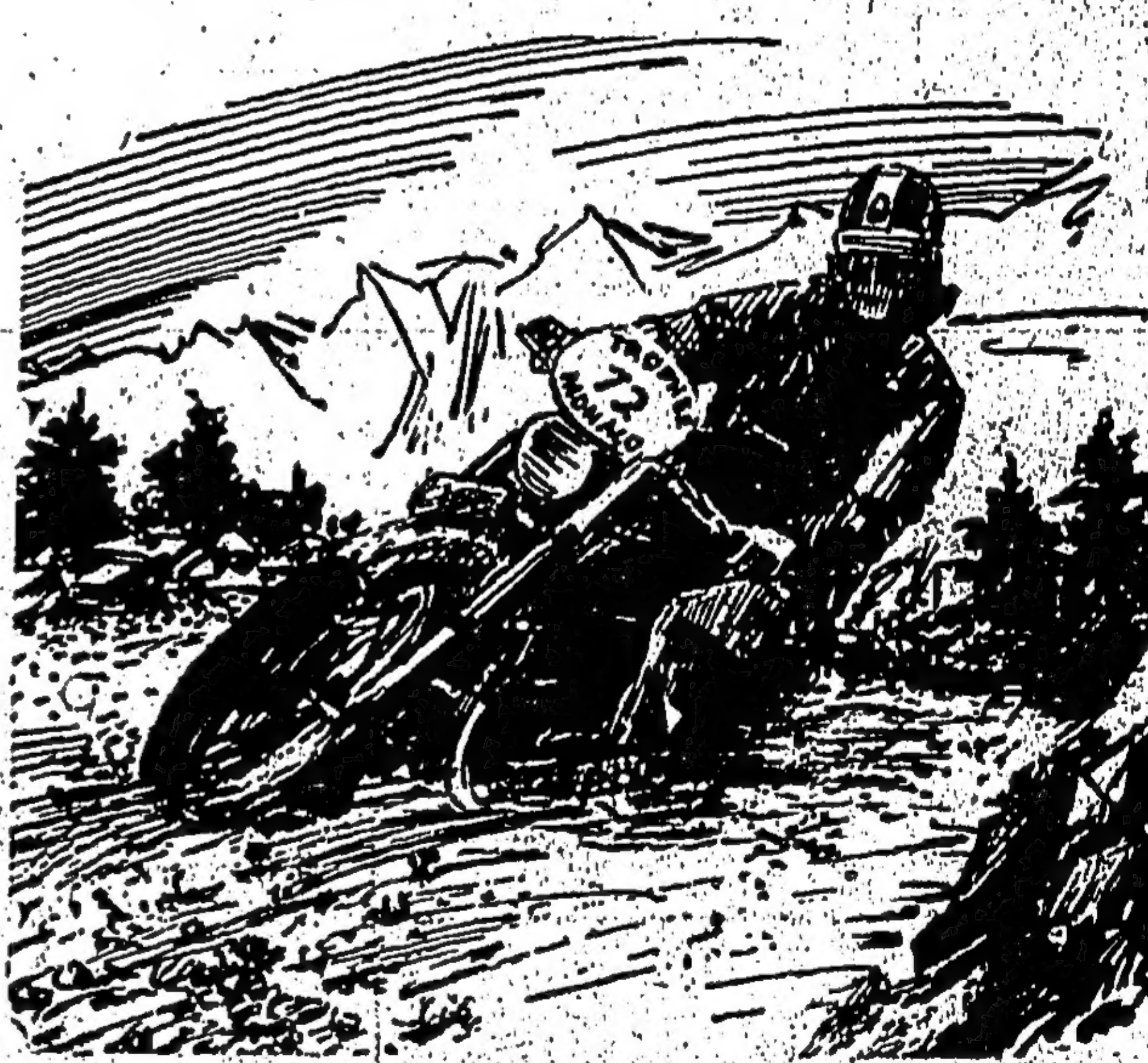
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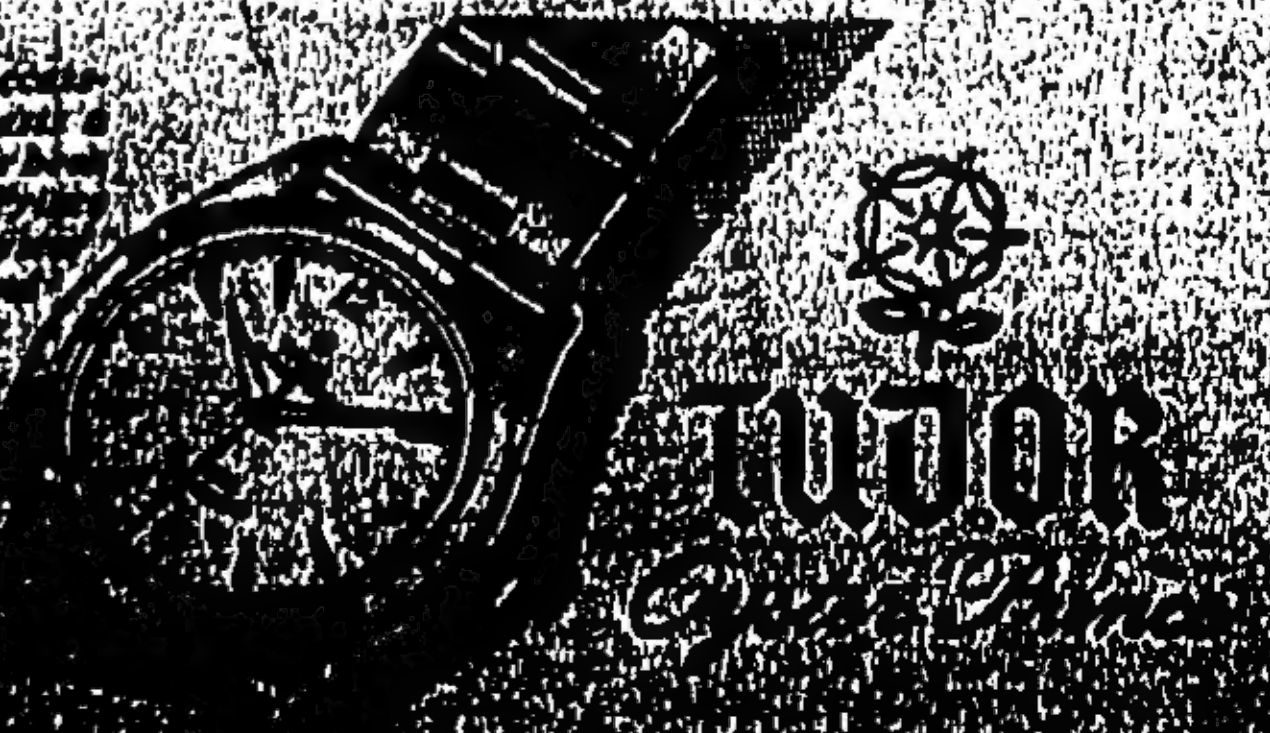
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BOMBS ABLAZE ... And the escape hatch stuck

IT was only this week that I discovered that I had in the same London office a member of the Caterpillar Club... a former RAF bomb-aimer whose modesty is such that some amount of research was required before I ran him to earth.

He is ex-Fit-Lt. A. R. Mansford, and he had watched my history of the Caterpillar Club going into print without saying a word thus conforming to the traditional Royal Air Force distaste for "line shooting."

Here — extracted from him after much persuasion — is Mansford's story.

On the dark, moonless night of March 8-9, 1945, an all-conscient crew of No. 102 Squadron took a Halifax Mark I off the aerodrome at Pocklington, Yorkshire. The aircraft had a full load of incendiary bombs, and was part of a 600-bomber raid on Nuremberg.

The Halifax made height over the coast of England and then dropped away across occupied France.

Without the moon, a raiding aircraft is almost invisible. The enemy pilot, when he saw the enemy plane, saw his adversary's silhouette against the dark sky.



FLT LT. A. R. MANSFORD.

Halifax in which Sergt. bomb-aimer (later Fit-Lt.) A. R. Mansford sat in his normal position directly above the escape-hatch in the nose of the aircraft.

All went well until they were crossing the Forest of the Argonne.

On the Alert

The crew, trained to keep an all-round watch, were alert for an enemy attack. But when it came, as happened so often in heavy darkness, the rear gunner of the aircraft saw nothing until a vivid line of tracers whipped towards him out of the blackness.

In the next second, although he was not hit, he found himself in the middle of a machine-gun attack. The enemy's fire was so intense that the crew had to take cover.

I think that normal imagination will supply the rest of the picture. The aircraft burst into a mass of blazing, searing flame. The crew, at their various positions, heard their pilot's order over the inter-com: "Bale out! We've had it, chums. Get out, everybody!"

By normal emergency routine Sergeant Mansford had to wrench open the forward escape hatch and clear his navigator of ancillary gear before jumping himself. He tried — but he couldn't get the escape hatch open. From the angle in which he was lying and the difficulty he found in moving he realised that the aircraft had gone into a steep dive. With the navigator manfully lending a hand he wrenched and wrestled with the escape hatch until it came open with a thud.

In answer to his colleague's gesture he plunged head-first out and then for a brief moment in the dreadful silence that every parachutist knows so well, he saw the flying torch which had once been an aircraft flick away past him in the heights, and finally "go in" with a bursting uprush of flame.

Mansford gently floated down from the sky. At that time he had no idea what had happened to the rest of the crew. Many months later, when he arrived back in England, he learned that all, including the pilot, had followed him down safely to be captured by the Germans.

buried his parachute in a hedge. When his head had stopped revolving, he checked back on incidents, and reckoned the time to be about 10.30 p.m. Since there was no sign of movement around him, he set off walking down a long country lane and finally took a blind chance and knocked at the door of a cottage in the first village he encountered.

'Passed Him On'

The good folk of the village fed him, rested him and "passed him on." In the course of passing on he used the 2,000 francs of "escape money" with which all members of bomber air-crew were provided. Although from the Argonne Forest he made his way across France, through Spain and down to Gibraltar, he had the astonishing record of arriving in England after repatriation with quite a bit of the 2,000 francs still left in his pocket.

Meanwhile, in the course of being passed from one "pocket of resistance" to another, Mansford managed to fall rather badly, damaging his right arm and his right leg.

Lamely and partly disabled, he was taken to a military hospital in England, where he was treated for his wounds. He was then sent to a convalescent home, and finally to a home for disabled ex-servicemen.

GERALD BOWMAN concludes his Adventures of the Caterpillar club

Found None

When at last he managed to make up distance and reach the frontier, he marked the guard-house and looked for the nearest troops. But there was no sign of them.

In short, he was alone. He had no idea where he was, and he had no idea how to get out of there.

A NEW CHINA MAIL SERIES STARTS TODAY

It is 16 years now since Borley Rectory caught fire and was levelled to the ground, but it would seem that ghosts are non-inflammable.

For curious, unexplained things are still happening on the site of that gaunt and rambling building on the Essex and Suffolk border.

It seems determined to maintain its reputation of being the most haunted house in England.

The sensational, frequent, and extraordinary varied manifestations which were reported at the Rectory over a period of more than 50 years remain today as much a challenge to the sceptic as they ever were.

For there is no falling back on the usual explanations and attributing the phenomena to local or frightened housewives. There is far too much documentary evidence.

It is possible to trace dozens of "observers" who spent a night at Borley. Their signed statements of all they witnessed and heard can be examined. Details are available to the investigator of many of the 2,000 poltergeist manifestations recorded between 1930 and 1935.

And if you want more up-to-date testimony you have only to travel the 70 miles from London to Borley, as I did recently, to talk to the people living in this little hamlet of 60 souls.

From the rectory, the Rev. A. C. Henning, and from the man who now owns the land on which the Rectory stood, you may hear of mysterious footsteps, of an apparition, of strange smells, and of organ notes from Borley Church when the church was locked and empty. And all in recent months.

Borley Rectory, an ugly red brick house with more than 25 rooms and without main water or electricity, was built in 1883 by the Rev. H. D. E. Bull, who had the living of Borley (£298 a year) and 14 children.



May 29, 1945. In an attempt to lay the ghost of the Rectory, the Rev. A. C. Henning, in a consecrated ground, a casket containing part of a female skull found under the cellar at the Rectory.

LET'S HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL!

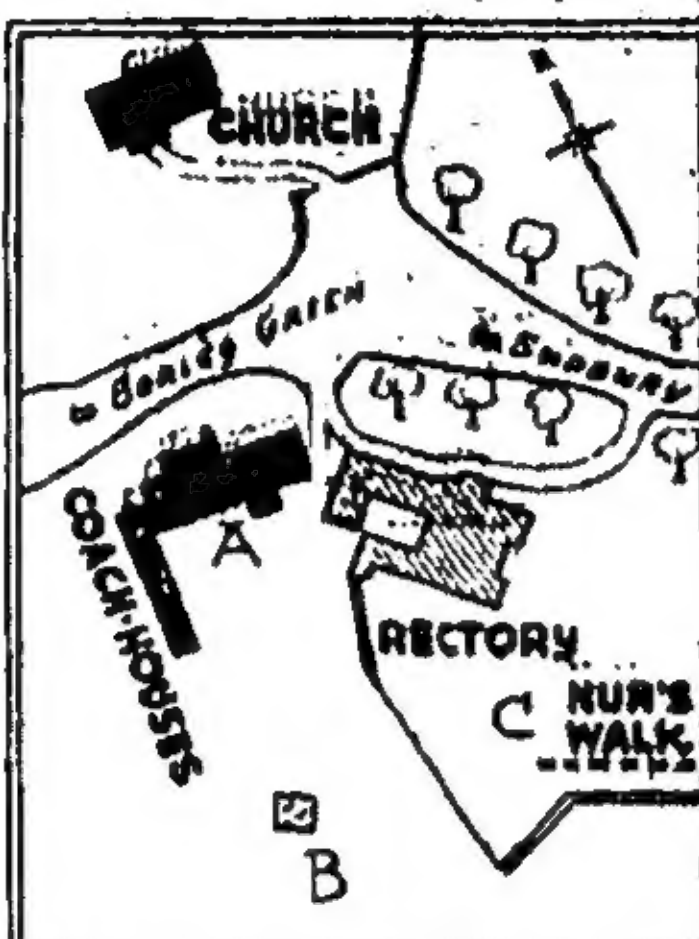
TO a man with a discerning palate, whisky is not merely Scotch. He looks for the finer points and savors his preference. White Horse. Every drop is perfected and matured until it is as fine a whisky as ever came out of Scotland. All good things have a name. In Scotch the name is White Horse.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky

THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

The Haunting of BORLEY RECTORY

By FELIX BARKER



The shaded area shows the position of the now-demolished Rectory. (A) is where Mr. Williams heard the footsteps. (B) is approximately the site of the chicken-house, which was burned down soon after he saw the apparition from the window. (C) Marks the spot where the Bull sisters saw the nun in 1900.

Just across the road from the medieval church, the Rectory was screened by a hedge and a belt of high trees, which cast their shadows over the large and gloomy garden. If ever a house looked haunted it was Borley Rectory.

Twenty-three years after it was finished there is the first recorded story of the supernatural—something rather vague about "ghostly footsteps"—but the first major manifestation belongs to this century.

Fifty-four years ago on Wednesday—July 28, 1900—three daughters of the rectory, Ethel, Freda and Mabel Bull had just returned to the Rectory from a garden party. It was still quite light as they walked across the lawn to the house. Simultaneously, they say, they saw the figure of a nun dressed in black, with bowed head, her hands clasped as in prayer.

One of those sisters is living to this day in Sudbury, two and a half miles away. A woman in her eighties, Miss Ethel Bull still maintains the story of that July evening. Repeated questioning cannot shake her assertion and if asked whether she can recall how she felt, she replies, "Certainly... I was scared stiff."

GHOST-HUNTER

FOUR months later she saw the nun again, and during the next 20 years Edward Cooper and his wife—servants of the Bull family—stated that they too had seen the nun. Altogether 18 people claim to have seen her.

According to the Coopers they were subjected to almost nightly disturbances during the three years from 1916 to 1919. They heard an invisible dog padding about the cottage which they occupied near the Rectory; they saw the black shape of a man in their bedroom; and one night—the first of three accounts of this phenomenon—Edward Cooper looking out of his bedroom window saw a coach drive noisily through the Rectory farmyard unimpeded by hedges or buildings.

Despite these and many other strange stories about Borley, it was not, as far as I can discover, until 1929 that the public at large heard of the haunting.

On June 10 a report appeared in a national newspaper about the Rectory and next day there arrived at Borley a small, enthusiastic man in his middle forties with a slight stammer and an already established reputation as a ghost-hunter. This was Harry Price, on whose books, articles, and broadcasts the reputation of the Rectory

as a haunted house almost entirely rests.

Price, who during his career unmasked a number of fraudulent spiritualists, seemed to find in Borley Rectory all the manifestations of the supernatural which for years he had held up to public derision.

He did not spend much time there in 1929, but when the Rectory was put up to let in 1937 he decided to lease it. He saw the perfect opportunity for a complete investigation under "controlled conditions," and within a week of taking up his

tenancy he advertised in The Times for "responsible persons of leisure and intelligence, intrepid, critical, and unbiased" to "join a rota of observers in a year's night and day investigation of alleged haunted house in Home Counties."

From June, 1937, to May, 1938, 48 observers—among them an Army colonel, a doctor, an engineer, and an official of the Bank of England—kept watch in the cheerless, unfurnished house and took turns to sleep on a camp bed in the Blue Room, supposed centre of the haunting.

To Harry Price they submitted reports of muffled footsteps, dragging noises and the smell of incense; there were innumerable poltergeist movements of books and other objects; most persistent phenomena of all were inexplicable pencil-marks which appeared on the walls.

BORLEY ABLAZE

AN Oxford Rhodes Scholar, S. G. Welles, describing in detail a "luminous patch" which appeared in the Blue Room for about a minute between 8.15 and 8.20 p.m. on February 16. When it had gone Mr. Welles and three friends (not in the room at the time) carried out careful tests to see if the same sort of light could be produced artificially. They decided it could not.

After Price left Borley Rectory—without any of his observers having seen the nun from the window—by Captain W. H. Gregory, but his tenancy was destined to be short. At mid-

night on February 27, 1939, an oil lamp was knocked over by a falling pile of books in the main hall. Within a few minutes the house was ablaze. The roof fell in before the Sudbury fire brigade could save it.

But even in destruction Borley Rectory added to its legend. People were reported as saying that they saw "figures moving in the flames near the Blue Room window," and several villagers told Harry Price that they saw two people in cloaks—one a girl, the other a "formless figure"—leaving the blazing house.

NEW EVIDENCE

TO a great extent Harry Price kept a monopoly on news about Borley by making all his observers sign a paper promising not to divulge anything seen or heard during their watch. So when his book, "The Most Haunted House in England," appeared in 1940, giving an account of all the phenomena in great detail, it caused something of a sensation.

Could all these responsible observers have been duped? Could so many signed statements be doubted? It certainly seemed easier to accept the idea that Borley was haunted.

Price, however, had his critics, who were only prevented from challenging him publicly by fear of legal action. During his lifetime the Rectory was largely accepted in the public mind as a genuinely haunted house. It still is.

But with his death in 1948 the Society for Psychical Research decided to make an independent investigation of the

haunting. They began a systematic checking of all Price's papers about Borley.

I understand that they have interviewed a number of the observers who kept watch at the Rectory and are imposing far more critical standards on their testimony.

Their report cannot be anticipated, but when it is published it may be that some of the phenomena at Borley will seem rather less supernatural than they appear in the pages of Mr. Price's books.

Only last week I stood in the long grass which has grown



The Rectory seen from the lawn before the fire. The window of the haunted Blue Room is the centre one on the first floor. The Nun's Walk is just out of view on the left. Photograph taken 1929.

Language, it is often believed, is the biggest obstacle to understanding between nations. It is often a source of great embarrassment to travellers. But there is one language that is being increasingly spoken

They Nearly All Speak English

TOURISTS in Sweden are almost certain to receive a reply in English from anybody they stop in the street and ask for information. English is part of the curriculum in all Swedish schools from the public elementary upwards.

In a crowded bus one day I heard an Englishwoman ask: "Does anybody here speak English? I think the conductor has given me the wrong ticket." Before I could make my voice heard, about half of the bus had offered their services as interpreters.

Indeed, it is difficult for the American or British resident (or tourist) to learn Swedish for, whenever he attempts to use what Swedish he has acquired, the Swede he is addressing will answer in English. And the English will undoubtedly be much better than the Swedish used by the Englishman—Cyril Marshall.

ASKING FOR IT

FOR the English-speaking tourist to attempt to speak Spanish, and expect to be allowed to muddle his way through a sentence or two, in any of the major hotels in Spain, is asking for trouble.

In the first place he is bound to offend the waiter or the porter or the hotel manager, each one of whom has most probably spent many of his leisure hours during the winter studying English and has looked forward to the arrival of the first tourists so that he can "try out" what he has learned.

Even in the smaller hotels, particularly on the tourist-minded Costa Brava—the English-speaking tourist has to be a determined man if he is going to insist on attempting Spanish at all costs. Once the Spaniards about him have realised his intention, however, then they will do all they can to help.

A week in a Spanish hotel, in fact, with the staff on your side helping you wade through your dictionary and phrase book, and you will learn far better pronunciation, too, than in two months at night school.—Daphne Creer.

SECOND LANGUAGE

VERY many people in the larger towns in France learn to speak English or another foreign language and to read it; probably more French people speak a foreign language than do other people. One of the reasons for this is that the French, the Normandy coast, where English has become a "second language" because of the business interest.

In other areas, like Alsace and Lorraine, French people are bilingual from childhood. French and German, or on the Spanish frontier—French and Spanish. Numbers of people in the north have learnt some Finnish.

English is the principal foreign language taught in France, is compulsory in all secondary schools, and the standard is high. Moreover, when the French start learning a foreign language they usually keep it up.

Adult pupils learn either at night school or from home primers, and they all take the first opportunity to visit the particular country whose language interests them.

The reputed "laziness" of the Anglo-Saxon to learn any other language never seems to strike the French at least. I have never heard them speak disparagingly of the fact—Stephen Coulter.

NOT A SO GOODA

ITALIANS are less adept at learning a foreign language than their European neighbours. They take lessons (as the English do) but the result is usually about as effective as the average Briton or American's perfunctory school French. Fortunately, however, the good-natured Italians are a people of infinite patience. If you do not understand the French, they will tell you this kindly as they smile and shake their heads.

Germans In Sussex Get An Old School Tie

Steyning, Sussex.

THE retired farmer put the question in the bar of the George Inn at Steyning. "£30,000 a year," he said, "for what?"

He got an echo from the postman: "Waste of money, I call it. And we're paying."

The taxi driver disagreed. "I'm all for it. We spent £15 million a day on the war. If this stops war even for five years, it's cheap. Anyway, the money stays in this country. We got the benefit."

The old argument was live again. For another 50 Germans have come to the Foreign Office centre of Wilton Park. They are guests of the British taxpayer.

They will attend a four-week session of lectures and discussions on British politics, economics and industry, held at Wilton House, a stately mansion dating back to the 16th century, seated in a curve of the Sussex hills.

Wilton Park, as the farmer rightly said, costs £30,000 a year. The session was started in 1947, and was continued by the Socialists in 1949, for German preachers of wit.

The Tories moved it to Sussex in 1951, and kept it going for

Another 50 Germans start a school term in Britain—at the taxpayers' expense. They are guests of the Foreign Office in an educational experiment that costs £30,000 a year.

German civilians and a few representatives of other European countries.

So far more than 6,000 Germans have attended sessions of one week, three weeks, or four weeks. The total bill is nearly a quarter of a million pounds. This session is Number 51.

Who are these German guests? They are politicians, industrialists, journalists, local councillors, school teachers—people in public life who help to form public opinion. Some of them served in Hitler's armies. Some suffered in his concentration camps.

When the first batch of civilians from Germany were invited in 1947, members were screened to make sure they were confirmed anti-Nazis.

No Screening

Now there is no such screening. If Nazis are elected to public office, or put in positions of authority, Nazis come to Wilton Park.

One such student of British life was Fritz Roessler, a former head of the Nazi headquarters in Saxony, who smuggled himself into Wilton

Let Dr Koeppler answer the farmer's question: "£30,000 a year—for what?"

"Britain and Germany have fought against each other in two world wars," he said. "One factor in those wars was that the Germans did not know what Britain was."

"For the last 50 years a belief has grown up in Germany which simply is not true—that Britain is decadent, old, with an Empire breaking up, and jealous of a strong Germany."

"We want to show the Germans what Britain is. That she can be a good friend, but a dangerous enemy. That it is unwise to take up arms against us. Since Britain must live with Europe, it is in her interests that the Germans should learn to be good Europeans."

Heavy Time-table

The Wilton Park method is to collect as representative a group of Englishmen as possible to advise, lecture and hold discussions with the Germans.

On the Academic Council are Socialists Sir Harold Nicholson, Tory Lord Alton, and Dr Robert Briley, the austere headmaster of Eton. Discussion leaders have included: Cabinet Ministers Sir David Maxwell Fyfe and Mr Harold Macmillan, philosopher Earl Russell, financier Lord Piercy, and MPs of all parties.

The time-table is heavy. In one week sessions members are expected to attend five tutorials, 15 lectures and discussions, with four evening meetings, and make two visits to British institutions of one sort or another.

Dr Koeppler cannot point to any big results of eight years' work and a quarter of a million pounds. It is not the sort of thing that shows immediately, he says. But there are more and more people in Germany who want to attend sessions.

He smiles a little sheepishly over one English tradition which has gone back to Germany. "The Germans have demanded—and got—an Old Wiltonian tie. It is navy blue, with gold stripes bearing the Wilton Park coat of arms, a bridge between Britain and Germany," surrounded by a lily.

"representing objective discussion." Price 17s. 6d.

"I will say this," he added. "A modern tank costs something like £40,000. Wilton Park is at least as good security."

Dr Koeppler may be right. But there were some Germans who knew Britain before the last war. Herr von Ribbentrop, for instance.

Von Ribbentrop went to school in England not for four weeks, but for a year. Later he sold us champagne. He was German Ambassador in London for three years.

He was the man who told Hitler: "Britain won't fight."

Mary Hewat

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Paris—The City Of Paradoxes

By DOROTHY BARKLEY



New London hats can be in any colour or material, provided they are small and head-hugging. Above is one in jewel-toned velvets, draped like a scarf and finished with a bow on the back.

Snatch five minutes from housework and
KEEP FIT THE
ZIPP WAY

By Joseph Edmundson

ELEVEN O'CLOCK... and it's time for your exercise. And just the time for five minutes of exercise that will keep you fit the fun way (like Miss Zipp).

No need to give up your coffee. No need to get out of your chair. You can still have your "break" and keep fit at the same time.

Here is a special 11 o'clock routine that you can do in three minutes snatched from the household chore.

Ready? Then let's do a simple exercise for the feet and the ankles.

Sit comfortably upright on your chair and put one leg over the other. Grasp just above your right ankle with both hands, and roll your foot round and round in as big a circle as you can. (Fig. 1.)

Do this several times in one direction, then the same number of times in the opposite direction, afterwards moving your feet backwards and forwards and stretching it as far as it will go.

FOUR IN ONE

Now an exercise that does four things in one (Fig. 2): tones up the stomach, helps to keep the spine flexible, strengthens the back, and loosens the shoulders.

You sit with the legs and knees slightly astride. Flip down loosely to touch the toes with the heel between the knees. From here swing up, arch the back slightly, and at the same time swing the arms above the head.

While they are still in position, give them half a dozen little presses or flicks downwards. Repeat the whole exercise five or six times.

TWO FOR 'TYRES'

Finally, two more simple exercises that help to reduce "tyres."

For the first one (Fig. 3) sit with the legs comfortably astride. Let the hands rest loosely in the lap. Now twist the trunk sideways to the left and at the same time swing the left arm midway upwards.

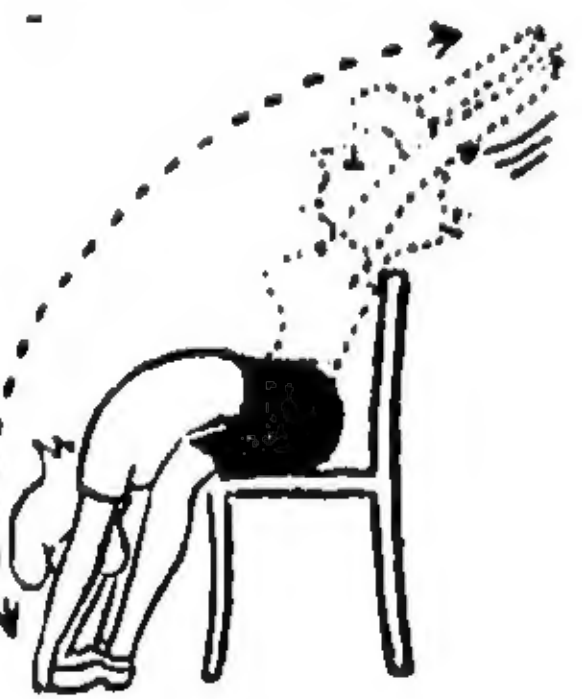
Look up at your hand as you swing. Return to your original position and do the same movement to the right. Build this action up into a nice easy rhythm, and as you get warmed up to the movement try to turn just that little more each time.

For the second exercise, it is better to try to sit astride your chair. All you now have to do is to swing easily from side to side and try to touch the floor with your hands as you do so.

You may not get that far down; that doesn't matter at all. It's the effort you put into it that counts.



(1) Roll your foot round...



(2) Swing the arms...



(3) Do 20 swings to each side.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Don't let crumbs collect in meal for a cup of flour in your electric toaster, or a short favourite family-sized biscuit. A brush may result. Use a soft sponge brush to remove them.

For that occasional little stain on a tablecloth, use a little bit of white vinegar. It will remove it without leaving a mark.

THE last time I saw Paris—just three weeks ago—I spotted three paradoxes. First, the fashion paradox. Paris is the city where fashion is said to be the level of a fine line. Dior's new H-line would at least be treated with respect. Not a bit of it. An elegant woman, wearing a creation obviously inspired by Dior's H-line, and only two weeks after he had launched it, passed completely unnoticed in the crowd. It happened at a Cezanne exhibition. The women there were too interested in the paintings to take in this startling piece of fashion.

Second, the children paradox. Parisian mothers dress their children for play in sensible denim shorts or dungarees. But they are not so practical in other ways. They let their children stay up late to eat grown-up dinner, and when they put them into their Sunday best they dress them up as little mimettes of mama. When it comes to children's upbringing, give me the British mother's attitude every time. She has the sense to keep her children young.

Third, the coffee paradox. Why do the French make such a fuss about coffee when they can make such very good coffee? Why is there so much difference between the average and water brew, served up as coffee in the bistros and the excellent coffee in the expensive restaurants?

Artists' Haven

Paris during August is taken over by the foreign tourists. Most of its inhabitants are off on their annual holiday and some have escaped to out-of-the-way spots like the village I "discovered" on the Mediterranean.

A little fishing port near the Spanish frontier, it proved the haunt of painters. Many of the famous and would-be famous spend the summer there. As a result, every restaurant and street cafe is a potential art gallery; walls are covered with paintings which the artists hope to sell before the season is over. The visitors may not buy, but they certainly study the paintings as they wait for the next course.

Our hotel was decorated in true fishing village style. One wall of the dining-room was hung with a fishing net spiked with crab, lobster and star fish; the other three walls with local paintings.

Food was also true fishing village style. For a salad we had a mixture of fresh fish and shell fish, bound together with a mustard mayonnaise and served cold on an scallop shell. Sardines came fresh from the sea and were cooked in crisp batter. Mussels, crab and lobster were cooked, Spanish-style, with rice and pimiento. This is an idea borrowed by the French from the Catalans, their neighbours over the border in Spain.

As for fashion, popular choices in my "adopted" village included rainbow-striped jeans, white plique dresses and bathing suits in tartan cotton. Fashion also tended to go nautical; some girls topped their blue jeans with a matching sailor-collared blouse. They believe in comfort and most of them took a beach mat, complete with built-in cushion, down to the beach with them. These were made of straw, fringed round the edges, and folded conveniently into a sausage-roll shape for easy carrying.

English visitors were few, but everyone will remember the enterprising Briton who boarded his lilo, taking a sturdy British umbrella with him. He paddled himself out into the middle of the bay, then proceeded to open his umbrella, hold it up and use it as a sail.

Dior's H-line

Back in London for the first show of the autumn, I found that Dior's sandwich-board look—runner-bean line, H-line, call it what you will—had arrived. Models looking like reeds, tall and straight, drifted in and out at Frederick Starke's show.

Starke's adaptation of the Dior line featured a high bust and a low-placed waist. Skirts were full.

Corset manufacturers, anticipating a quick response to this fashion, are bringing out special foundation garments and these will be on sale in a few weeks' time.



Another new hat in peaked beret shape. It is in white peachblow.

HOW HAPPY ARE YOU WHEN
YOU GIVE A PARTY?

By EILEEN ASCROFT

ARE you a happy hostess? Or does entertaining cause you anxiety and distress?

Some women possess a natural flair for entertaining, like the Duchess of Beaufort, Mrs Susan Ward and Lady Daphne Straight. They make guests feel warm and welcome the moment they walk through the front door; they know instinctively how to deal with every crisis, be it culinary or conversational, and they have the intuition to mix the right human ingredients for a successful party.

Others are not born hostesses. They feel they should entertain, but never really enjoy it. They worry just as much about having a few neighbours in for sandwiches and coffee to watch television as they do over a full-scale family dinner party.

SEVEN SINS

Every would-be hostess should beware of the Seven Deadly Sins of Entertaining. Any one is guaranteed to kill a party stone dead.

1—OVER ORGANISATION. No hostess should drill her guests into playing set games against their inclinations. Parlor games belong to children's parties and the best form of adult entertainment is still conversation.

2—MUSICAL CHAIRS. The restless hostess who never gives her guests time to settle down to a conversation can be an awful bore. "You must meet everyone," she cries and drags you off just as you are making your best point.

3—DISPARAGEMENT. Nothing is more embarrassing to guests than disagreement between the host and hostess. Private griefs and disagreements should never be aired before guests.

GUILTY WOMEN

Women are probably more guilty of this social crime than men. We've all met the wife who takes a perverse delight in ruining her husband's best stories. "You're not going to tell that again," she cries when he's just beginning to expand.

4—HOME CHAT. She may be a devoted mother and a wonderful mistress of the house. But endless talk about her children's talent and her domestic devotion do not make for sparkle at the dinner table.

5—FLIRTATIOUSNESS. This kind of hostess is usually the selfish, feather-brained type. She uses her privileged position of hostess to monopolise the more attractive male guests, and pays no attention to neglected or lonely members of the party.

6—LAZINESS. The lazy hostess cannot be bothered to make a fuss over her guests. She does not trouble to greet her guests, wait for their drinks or keep an eye on their needs.

7—STUFFY PRIDE. The stuffy hostess is always an uncomfortable guest. She is too proud to mix with her guests and is too busy to

tear, the woman who worships her household gods. She has eyes in the back of her head, checking where guests put their glasses and rushing to empty ashtrays, and put protective mats on the furniture.

The timid hostess will gain confidence and ideas from a book on entertaining, published recently.

"Successful party-giving," says authoress Ethelred Pearson, "is attention to the little things rather than the great—taking infinite pains for the comfort of your guests, and thus ensuring that your mind is placid and tidy and you have the leisure and the confidence to enjoy your own party."

This is decidedly the very first ingredient of good entertaining. The hostess must be relaxed and happy. There's nothing more depressing for the guests than feeling that they are causing anxiety, extra work or trouble to the hostess. Even the worrying kind can cure herself by advance planning.

This is one of the secrets that makes the Duchess of Windsor a hostess of genius.

USE THE SPACE

Women often say to me, "I'd love to entertain, but our flat is so small." Space has very little to do with happy entertaining. The secret is to make the most of whatever space is available, creating a central space in the room so that people can circulate.

Many of "Dorothy's" known hostesses have very small flats, but they have learned to make the most of their space.

Mrs Douglas Fairbanks, for instance, has a very small flat in May Mews, where she gives amusing supper parties.

Treatment
For Dry
Skin

ONE of the biggest beauty problems is dry skin. It rebels against powder and rouge. Instead of looking smooth, it's flaky.

The woman who has such a complexion should get to the source of the trouble. She must keep her skin lubricated. Cream applications and brisk friction will help.

ABOUT SENSITIVE SKIN

There are several degrees of skin dryness.

At one extreme is the sensitive skin, the white and pink kind, that's tiny little and is susceptible to cold weather discomforts. Soap should never be used on this type. Instead, substitute a cosmetic meal that has nothing as well as cleansing qualities. Such skin must be protected from extreme temperatures.

Some complexions are only moderately dry. A bland soap can be used on them. Before the latter is applied, a thin oil should be used. After a tepid rinsing and gentle drying, a heavy cream should be massaged into the flesh to normalise the functions of the skin.

BEWARE OF SUNBURN

Particular protective care must be taken against sunburning, dry skin. Exposure to the sun's rays, often beneficial to the city complexion, may be damaging to dry skin.

If a golden effect is desired, it is better to attain it by using a deep-shade foundation cosmetic and a rich reticulated powder. It's always wise to use a sunburn lotion.

The plump woman who goes through a speedy and hectic dieting programme, dieting nearly all fat-making properties should realise that her facial surface is likely to become dry. She must be sure to use nourishing creams, applying a heavy one at bedtime with light tapping of the fingertips, using a cleansing oil occasionally during the day.

— Helen Follett



MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

A small dinner party first, then another 20 people for dancing.

brillies, and even had the Queen to a private dinner party in her house in The Boltons.

Her dining room is not spacious. So when Mrs Fairbanks wants to throw a large party she has a dinner first for a dozen of the more important or amusing guests, and invites about 20 more to come in afterwards for dancing and a buffet supper.

The smaller the dinner party the more care should be taken in choosing the right guests, who will interest and stimulate one another.

BORES TOGETHER

Mr Herbert Agar, Billy Wallace's mother, and another successful London hostess, had a tiny flat in May Mews, where she gives amusing supper parties.

Princess Margaret has been a guest at several of these. Queens are few because of lack of space, but so carefully chosen and balanced that conversation is always stimulating. Boredom should only be induced on one's own terms, from anything less than a brilliant conversation.

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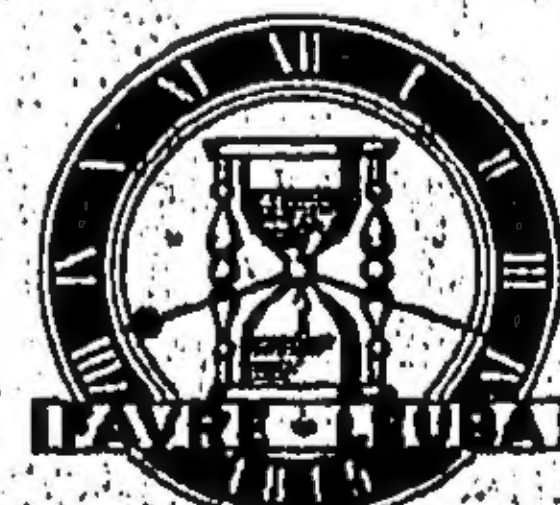
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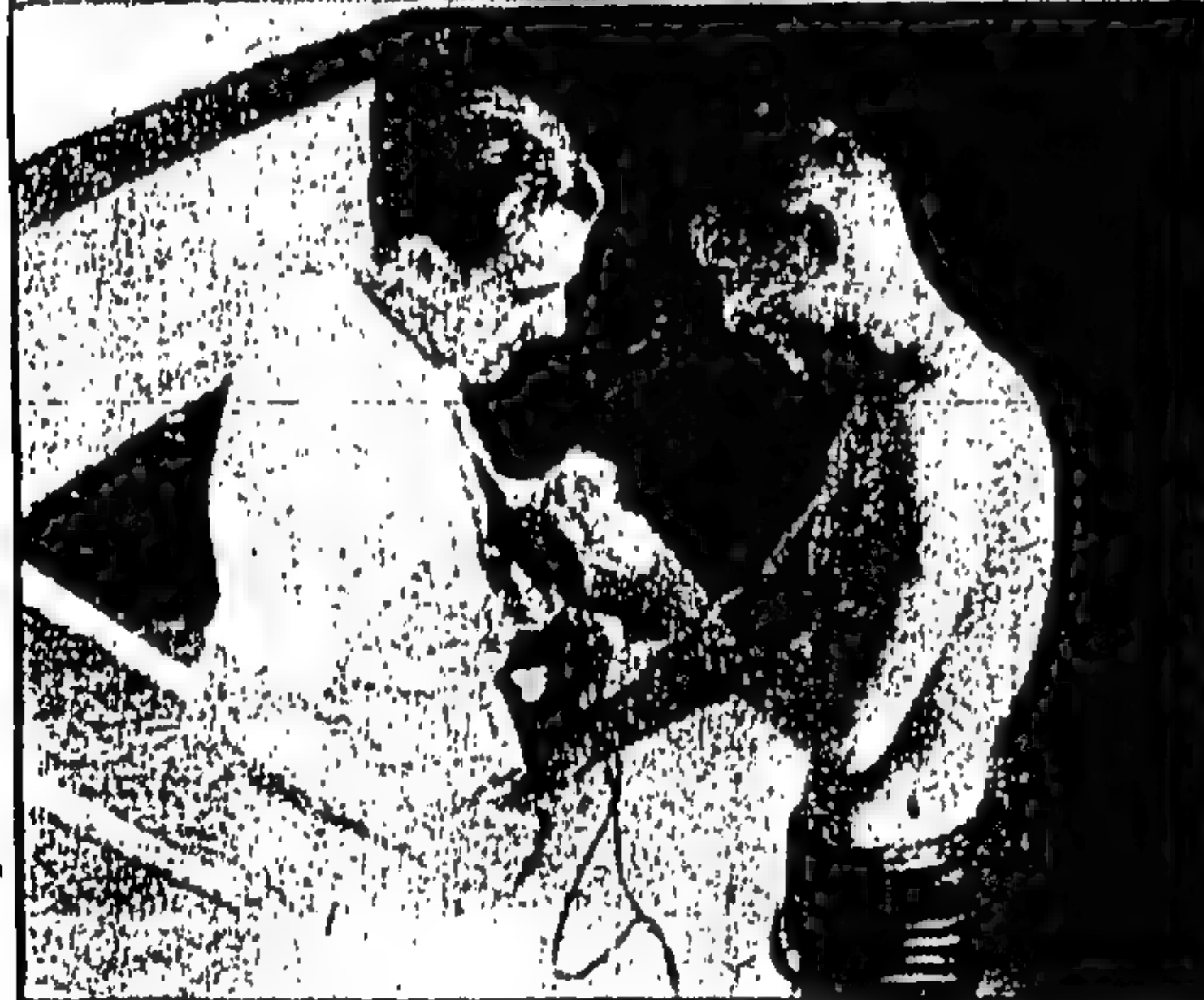
FAVRE-LEUBA







THE four who finished at the head of 237 swimmers taking part in the annual cross-harbour race last Sunday. Cheung Kin-man (second from right) was first, with Wong Long-hoi (extreme right) second, Cynthia Eager (extreme left) third, and Cheung Ming-hang (second from left) fourth. Right: Scene at the start in Kowloon. Below: Cynthia Eager receives her prize from Mr A. de O. Salas. Bottom picture shows Cheung Kin-man being interviewed by Radio Hong-kong's John Wallace. (Staff Photographer)



INCOMING and outgoing officers of the St Joseph's College Old Boys' Association, taken at the annual meeting last week. This year's President is the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee, seated third from right. (Staff Photographer)



SPEAKING at last week's dinner meeting of the American University Club of Hongkong is Dr. J. A. Bussiere, 83-year-old French doctor who recently arrived in Hongkong after 35 years' residence in North China. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At St. Teresa's Church on Wednesday. Group taken after the wedding of Mr. Cyril John Now and Miss Irene Mary Ayden. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Last season's ladies softball champions, the Colleens, leading the parade at last Sunday's opening of the new softball season. In their red and blue uniforms, they received a great ovation from the fans. (Staff Photographer)

SUCCESSFUL essay writers in the literary contest sponsored by the Literary Group of the Sino-British Club. On the left is Mr. Walter Ng, who won the China Mail Cup; on the right Mr. Chan Yat-wing, winner of the Wah Kiu Yat Po Cup for Chinese essays. (Staff Photographer)

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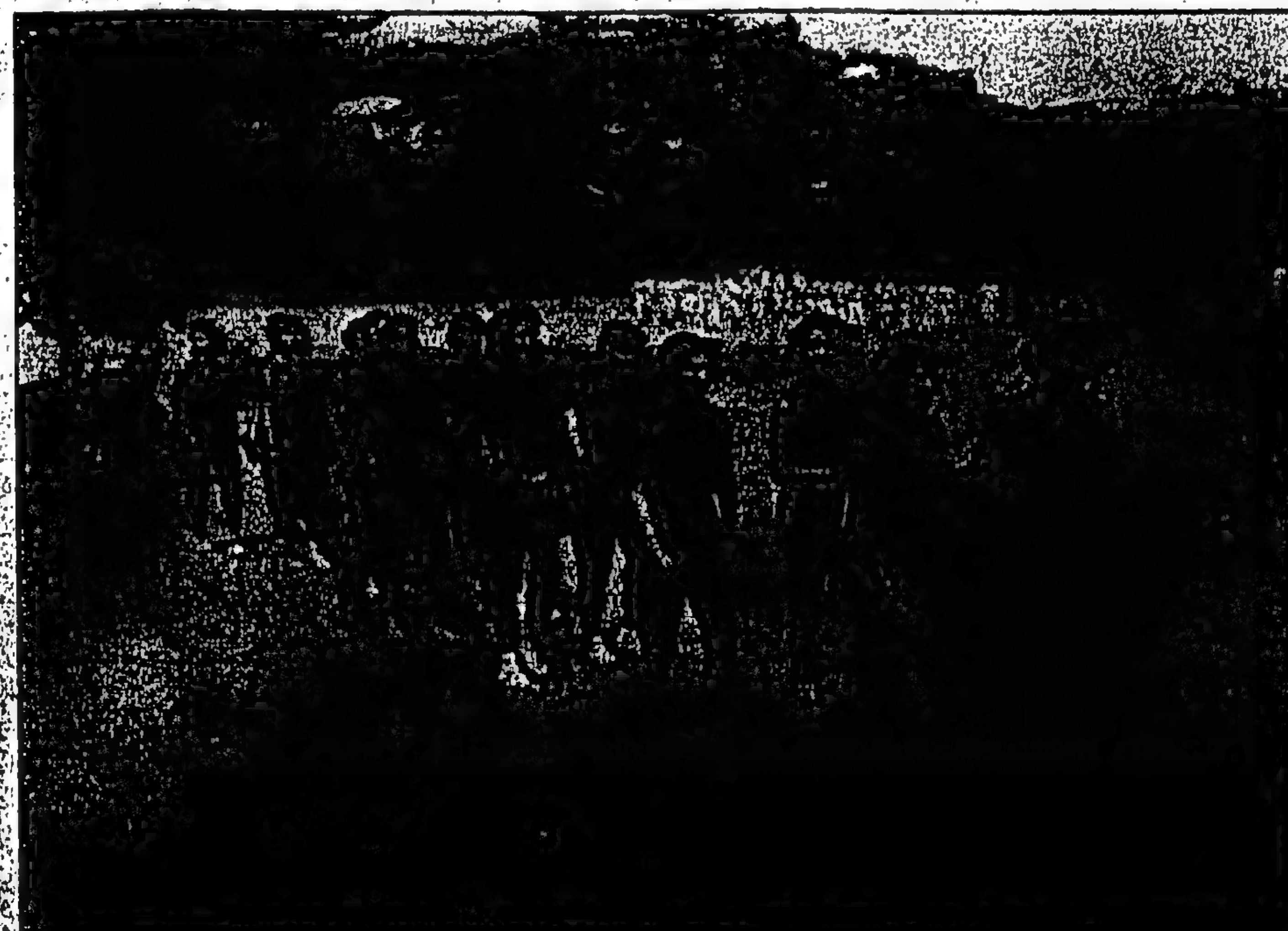
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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTERPARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

TEA. In British homes, it was neither the doing of Mr. Malenkov nor of Mr. Mao Tse-tung which caused dismay last week. It was the rising price of tea, a basic necessity without which Britain wouldn't be Britain.

If calamity were to strike the hub, the menfolk would crowd the dog races, fill the cinemas, go fishing.

But the women have nothing to take the place of the afternoon cup, with the teapot the centre of a million gossip

parties. Nor have the old people with tiny pensions, whose main solace is their pot of tea.

But the price is going to rise shortly by eightpence to around 6s. 6d. per pound for the popular grades.

There are three main reasons for the rise.

Americans are drinking more tea than ever before; U.S. visitors and servicemen stationed in Britain have helped spread the habit at home.

Indonesian exports have been cut because of labour unrest in the tea plantations.

India has suffered flood disasters in her tea-growing districts.

In consequence, there has been hectic buying recently at the big London tea auctions, with bidding continuing up to seven o'clock.

Stocks held in bonded warehouses throughout the country are now down to 70,547,000 lbs. compared with over 93,000,000 lbs. this time last year.

NOT A TIMMIE. The 12-year-old pet feline of Mrs. Arthur C. Trautwein, of Buffalo, New York, has 800 cats for company in his mistress' home.

But Timmie will never hear a friendly "meow" out of a single one of them. They are made out of everything from china and glass to wood, rubber and even pine cones.

Mrs. Trautwein's love for cats started her 13 years ago on her collection—which includes two highly-prized pieces a century old. One is a candle holder, on which a cat is perched. The other is a feline figure that holds a brandy glass.

Many pieces in the collection were imported.

GET TOUGH. In an unprepossessing office under the shadow of London's St. Paul's Cathedral, works one of Britain's hardest-hitting newspapermen.

The Rev. Clement Rhodes, editor of the Church of England Newspaper, pulls no punches and men involved in colonial affairs have learned to look out for his leading articles often couched in a style that

would cause raised eyebrows at a vicarage garden party.

Last week, the CEN—despite its name it is not the official organ of the Church—turned its big guns on the divorce problem. And the result was well up to Rhodes' standard. It came in the form of an appeal for a go-tough campaign by Church leaders.

Recommended action included imprudent for co-respondents in certain cases and a legal maximum of two divorces for any person, with the second very difficult to get.

It was strange, said the leader, that "a man can destroy a home and cause untold misery and not be guilty of any criminal offence at all."

With soaring divorce rates causing concern in more than church circles, it is likely that the CEN may have touched off a large-scale national row.

FANFARE FOR FARCE. As if to emphasize that Britain was getting back to "normal," London last week saw the Aldwych farce tradition revived—or something remarkably like it.

Between the wars these bubble and froth plays were as much a part of London life as Big Ben and the barrow-boy. Authored by playwright Ben Travers, they packed the Aldwych Theatre off the Strand and made national names of comedians like Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton and the formidable Miss Vera Pearce.

They were farces, pure and undiluted, involving, usually, much rushing in and out of bedrooms. Walls and Drayton were the traditional bully-boys who with Miss Pearce made butts of the bewildered little hare and the rabbit-brained Flynn. And for people all over the world Ralph Lynn's "billy-ess" character epitomized the mythical English aristocrat complete with monocle and buck-teeth. It was fun by formula. But Britain loved it.

Time has taken its toll, however. Playwright Travers is nearing his seventies. Bully-boys Walls and Drayton are dead. But this week the survivors took the stage again with a first-time farce by youthful playwrights Peter Jones and John Jowett.

And London reared its appreciation of a beloved tradition revived.

Is that really Winston's nephew? asked the Nazi

THE PRIVILEGED NIGHT-MAKE. By Giles Romilly and Michael Alexander. Wiedenfeld and Nicolson 12s. 6. 246 pages.

THE Nephews were set apart from the other prisoners of war in Colditz Castle. They had a room of their own. They did not exercise with their fellow-captives, but went for a walk, heavily guarded, in the castle park.

Maybe they were a shade better off than the others. Certainly they had their own special burden of care.

Who were they? George, nephew of the King; John, nephew of the Queen; Earl of Harewood, nephew of Field-marshal Alexander. In more formal language, they were Viscount Lascelles, the Master of Harwood; the Master of Elphinstone; Giles Romilly; and Michael Alexander.

The youngest

These four, together with Charlie, son of a Viscount (Earl of Hopetoun, now Marquess of Linlithgow); Viscount Dawick, son of a field-marshal (Earl Haig); Max de Hamel (cousin of Mr. Churchill's grandchild); and later, John Winant, son of the American Ambassador in London, and the Polish General Bor Kormorow, completed the select and isolated band whom their German captors called the Prominents.

They had been picked up by the enemy at various places on the map between Norway and the Western Desert. Now their story is told in a new book.

George was the youngest and most impetuous; "not even an amateur soldier," he insisted, in a box with a blue velvet lining, he kept a clarinet which he would take out lovingly to assemble; blow a few notes on. Then, sadly, he would put the clarinet away. The notes had failed to live up to George's austere artistic standards.

However, he made up as a musical pundit for his shortcomings as a performer. His knowledge of opera was vast and dogmatic.

The strange story of Hitler's 'privileged' prisoners

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

Dawick (Haig) was Scottish and silent, determined that his captivity would not be wasted. Remembering a 1914-18 war story of a POW who had practised with stick and tennis ball until he reached Wimbledon standard, Dawick set himself to learn painting. He is still painting.

He dominated

Charlie (Hopetoun) was the most energetic, first as organizer of theatricals, then as a serious student of philosophy; so serious that his health suffered. Max was an argumentative theologian. John (Elphinstone) was the dominating personality, fierce, soldierly and clear-headed. On his first arrival at Colditz, the deportment of his fellow Prominents had appalled him.

There they were, the nephews of the fountains of power, unshaven, with buttonless battle-dresses, sloppy balalaava helmets and muddy boots. "Is that really the nephew of Winston Churchill?" asked one horrified Nazi. "He looks more like an old lady."

In segregating these exalted young men, the Nazis may have had some crazy notion of bargaining life against life. What was certain was that a new and sinister chapter in their lives opened on the day that Colditz was surrounded by SS

Berchtesgaden. They caught sight of a major whose rimless glasses seemed familiar. "Don't look now," said George, "but isn't that our old friend Himmler?"

Their old friend Himmler, as well as Hitler, himself, had ordained their execution. This news was broken to them by SS General Berger, who told them that, instead, he was going to send them to the American lines. A fantastic and bacchanalian farewell party followed in Berger's mountain stronghold.

He presented John, as senior officer, with a handsome pistol which Hitler had given him. The other were given huge cigars. A couple of days later, John was talking by telephone to his aunt the Queen from General Patch's headquarters. Her Majesty asked about George. George had a bad cold.

No thanks

Charlie and Dawick, both invalids, waited at Konigsstein until the Russians arrived. Before this catastrophe, the German commandant offered them the Saxon crown jewels (in 12 suitcases, worth £3,000,000) which were in his keeping "as a present to the British Royal Family."

Although he was willing to throw in the pictures from the Dresden galleries also hidden in the fortress, the last of the Prominents felt obliged to decline, with thanks.

The curious story of this small, high-level pocket of the war cannot help being interesting and, as the climax approaches, exciting. It suffers in the telling because it has two authors instead of one. It is marred by patches of pretentious writing; for example, "seizing a silence, he frowned towards his next question."

REST OF THE NEW BOOKS

First, BUILD an Empire

THE LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS. By David James. Hollis and Carter. 30s. 503 pages.

BEFORE you give an Empire away, you must first build it. Today the building process is

abused and misunderstood. It is denounced as "aggression" and sneered at as "colonialism." The bravery and the sense of mission that inspired the builders are alike forgotten by one generation among us and are, unknown to the next.

So this new life of Roberts, a brave chivalrous, dutiful British soldier, is a definition of the Empire, comes at an opportune moment. There could hardly be a better story of modesty and humanity to put before young men and their seniors.

Here they may read—perhaps for the first time—of the storming of Delhi and the march to Kandahar, of the Mariner, a Lucknow school founded by a French soldier of fortune which is the only school in the Commonwealth with its own battle honours.

They will find—and it will be a useful corrective—the great Marshal Lytton's dictum: "Colonial war has nothing in common with war between nations: it is constructive, not destructive; creating life, not ruins."

To a different mood the words of the CND in 1960 will appeal: "As regards aeroplanes, I am not quite convinced about their military value. To sustain themselves in the air they necessarily have to move at a very high speed, say from 30 to 40 miles an hour, and I doubt whether a reconnaissance of value can be made at that speed."

"As regards dropping explosives, there is nothing to guide us in forming an opinion. Dribble airplanes are, of course, in a different category."

DANIEL DEFOE. By Brian FitzGerald. Secker and Warburg. 18s. 248 pages.

WHO was the original of famous Moll Flanders, the greatest and not the worst of all women characters in English fiction?

Good authorities believe that she was a Tilbury oyster-girl named Mollie Norton, who for some time shared a house with Defoe and seems to have had a son by him, Benjamin Norton, who was thrown into gaol for journalistic activities displeasing to the authorities. His grandfather was hanged at Tyburn for highway robbery.

That is all that is known of the end of the Defoe-Norton dynasty.

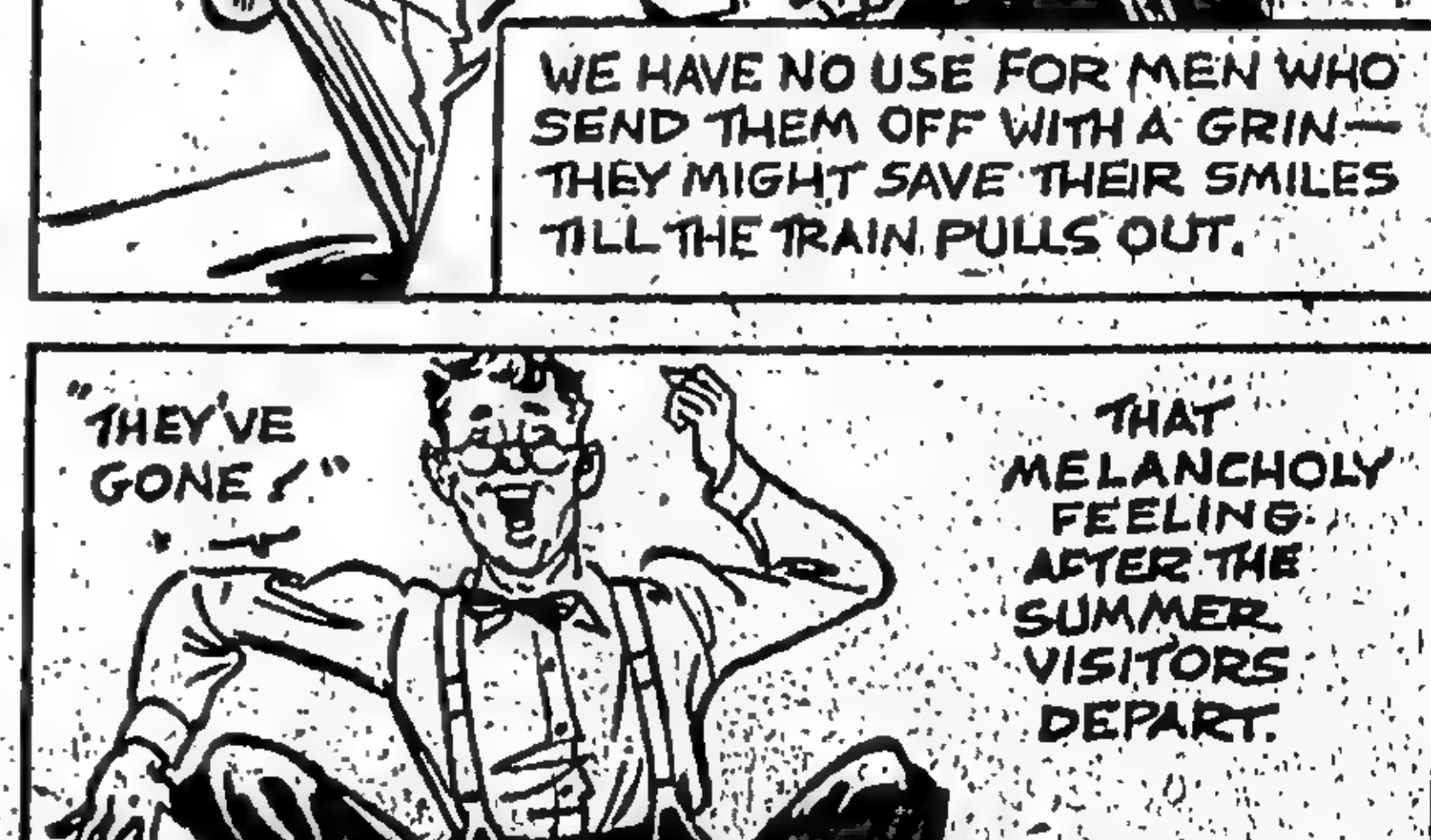
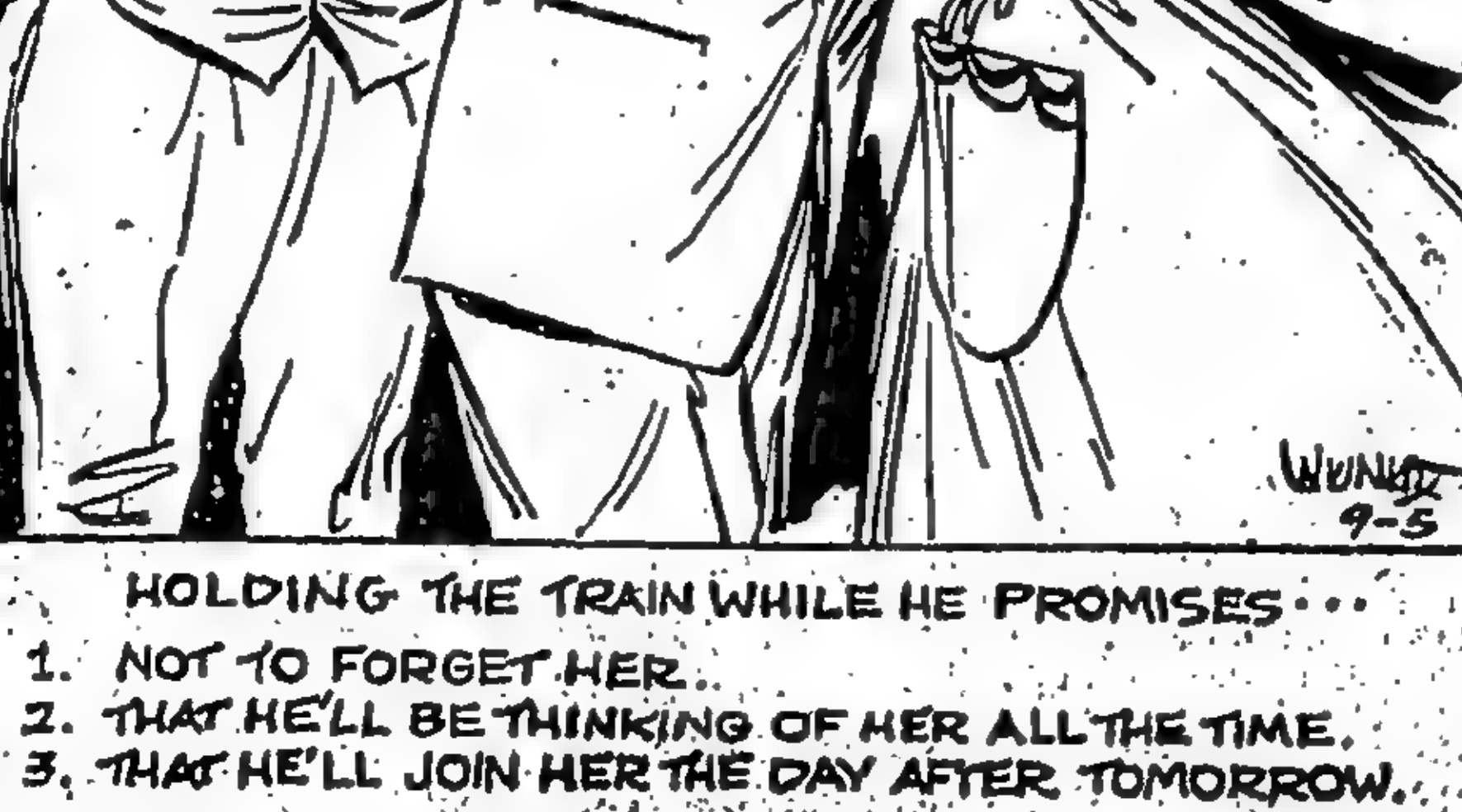
From the down-to-earth conversation of Mollie Norton Defoe may have picked up a great deal. But even more of Moll can be confidently traced to the personality of her father, the bold, fertile, political journalist who used to write articles in a way that made money, two of them in the place.

FitzGerald's brief, lively, and readable account of the life of Daniel Defoe is a most interesting and useful study of the man and his work.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Last Week-End

BY HARRY WEINERT



LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE SEASON IS OVER

THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE "BLUES" EN ROUTE TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP

By "TOUCHER"

And so the 1954 Lawn Bowls League season came to its close last Saturday—a fairly tame ending but not completely without colour.

Recreo "Blues" concluded their season with a Champion team's display in blanking the Kowloon Bowling Green Club out by 5-0 to retain the First Division Championship for the third year in succession.

They started rather shakily at the beginning of the season but after a few reshufflings were well on their feet as the season advanced.

There was no stopping the consistent bowling put up by them, although commendable efforts were made by Kowloon Cricket Club, Craigengower and

Kowloon Bowling Green Club, whose final brilliance did provide some excitement in the Championship race towards the middle of the season.

In their trail towards the Championship title, the Champions enjoyed the tremendous advantage of having a well-knit and well-balanced team in

which every rink and every player could be called upon to do their or his part.

Although Johnny Ribeiro's four finished up as the top Recreio rink, special praise is due to Calisto Roza-Perera, who helped the Blues in no small measure towards their triumph by winning all his games for them in the second half of the season.

UNIQUE DISTINCTION
Roza-Perera had unique distinction of completing the season with a 100 per cent skip's record, winning all the nine games he skipped.

Once again the League honours were shared between Recreio and the Indian Recreation Club. Last year, Recreio annexed the First and Second Division titles, leaving the Third Division honours to the Indians. This season, it was the Indians who achieved the double when they beat KCC by 4-1 on Saturday to add the Second Division title to that of the Third Division which they had won the week before.

The Indians fully deserved both titles by virtue of the fine bowling served up by them during the season, particularly in the Second Division, where competition was extremely keen.

One outstanding factor in the Indians' success was their ability to give of their best in practically every home game. Another point which deeply struck me as a great contributing factor to the "Champions' achievements were the great concentration they were able to put into every delivery of the wood. It is seldom realised how great a number of matches have been thrown away by sheer careless chucking of the woods, which in many players is already too chronic a habit to be corrected.

WHY NOT MEDALS?
To complete the end of the season's list of honours, two more names may be mentioned—W. Hong Sling, of KCC and M. J. Dineen, and together with them of course the other members of their rinks for finishing up at the top of the skips' tables in the First and Second Divisions.

There have been a number of arguments—pro and con—as to the publication and compilation of skips' tables, but the fact remains that these skips' tables have given the League games an additional interest. A suggestion has even been made that the HKLBA or some generous soul may come up with special medals and floating trophies for the top rink in every division each year.

The next three or four weeks will see the ladies coming into their own in the lawn bowls field. The first Ladies' League organised by the HKLBA had attracted the good number of eight entries.

These Ladies' League matches, which will be of one rink each club and to be played on a one-day system, start this afternoon with four games. The KCC, HKGC, KDC, and Takook have had already one season's experience as they took part in last year's league sponsored by KCC and the eventual champions are likely to come from among them, although CCG, HKFC and HKC, who make their debut this year, may provide some surprising results.

Kowloon Cricket Club were the Champions last year and will start as favourites again this season.

TODAY'S GAMES
Second Division
CCC v. USRC
Ladies' League
USRC v. TC
KDC v. "Red" v. KDC "Blue"
KCC v. HKGC
HKFC v. CCC
Turner Shield
Special Constabulary v. PRC
TOMORROW
Open Triples Final
At KCC, starting at 3.30 p.m.
J. Chubb, T. E. Baker, W.

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Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.
ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.
PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.
Bookmakers, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.
By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

IT'S THE BIT OF IRISH IN THEM

Gentleman Jim's Greatest Fight

By ALAN HOBY

I have in my files a tattered photograph, brown with age. It depicts a tall, handsome young man with deep-set, intelligent eyes, heavy brows, and thick brown hair brushed straight back.

He is in faultless evening dress—tall, white tie with a white carnation in his buttonhole. At the foot of the picture is the legend—"Gentleman Jim."

"Gentleman Jim..." As long as men fight in a roped square with gloves on their hands they will remember "Gentleman Jim" Corbett. For James J. Corbett came to the top at a time when gloves were only beginning to be used.

He was (the supreme stylist and the first man to become Heavyweight Champion of the World under Queensberry rules. With his jiggling feet and scalpel of a left jab, this one-time bank clerk helped to transform boxing from crude slugging into a "noble art."

And he was just 26 when he won the title from the worn-out wreck who had once been the great John L. Sullivan.

James John Corbett is one of the immortals of the prize ring and Ireland can be proud of him. Born in San Francisco, California, on September 1, 1880, Corbett's parents were pure Irish.

His father, Patrick Corbett, came from County Mayo; his mother, Katherine McDonald, from Dublin.

Corbett once said: "It isn't considered fashionable to be sentimental, but I thank God I am Irish and am sentimental. There were ten of us children and there was not one of those Irish boys and girls who wouldn't have done just as much or more, than I did for the family if they had the money."

His father, who kept a livery stable, had the young James Corbett educated in the public schools of San Francisco and at the Catholic College of the Sacred Heart.

In those days he was already noted as a "frank, brave, quick-tempered boy" or, as one of his contemporaries put it, "a good fellow to have for a friend but an enemy to be dreaded." And even then Corbett had a reputation as a clever and quick-witted boxer.

HISTORIC CONTEST

Corbett, who later worked at the Bank of Nevada, had many famous fights. One historic contest against Joe Choynski on a barge in the middle of San Francisco Bay lasted for 28 rounds under a scorching sun before Corbett, calling on his last dregs of energy, flattened his tough opponent.

But unquestionably Corbett's greatest fight was with the Australian negro, Peter Jackson. This was one of the most gruelling clashes in all the gaudy annals of the prize ring.

It took place in the old California Athletic Club, San Francisco, and lasted four hours. At this time Peter Jackson was the finest boxer in the world. As he entered the ring with Corbett at about ten o'clock on the night of May 21, 1891, murmurs of admiration rose from the club members, most of whom were in top hats and tails. For Jackson's muscles rippled and shone like black scales.

He stood 6ft. 14ins. in his boxing pumps and weighed 145 lb. Yet he was so beautifully built that his massive chest tapered into slim hips and legs. This was the man whom the champion, John L. Sullivan, refused to meet. "I have never fought a coloured man and never will," growled John L.

Hong Sling (holders) v. J. A. Luz, J. F. V. Ribeiro and R. E. Luz.
Open Rinks Final
At KCC, starting at 3.30 p.m.
P. R. Ragi, F. G. Madar, M. J. Dineen, F. R. Komari, V. E. Francis, F. Howarth, M. E. Purvis, A. Harvey.
Valley Trophy
HKFC v. PRC

This was the great Negro who, back in Sydney, Australia, learned his trade from the glipsey, Old Foley, who in turn had picked up his fighting lore from mighty Jon Mason of England—the lore which laid down the straight left was the most lethal of all weapons and that the right hand "should be used once in a fight—to finish it."

This was the fighter who wrung from the lips of old Paddy Slavin, 20 years after their memorable bout at the National Sporting Club, London: "Peter Jackson when I fought him was unbeatable. He was the greatest of all masters."

Was Corbett worried by all this? Not at all. He wedded cheek to confidence. Six feet tall and 125 lb. in weight, he had immense faith in his speed, his agility, and his own carefully worked out system of scientific punching and blocking.

HEAVY BETTING

Looking down at the clouds of cigar smoke and the flushed, excited faces of the ringiders, Corbett smiled to himself. He knew that a large amount of money had been wagered on this fight—and that most of it was on Jackson, the 5-1 favourite.

Then the bell—and like a big black panther Jackson sprang at Corbett. Moving like silk, Jackson lost no time in firing his famous one-two at the elusive Corbett. The left hand rapidly followed by a right.

Jackson had a murderous right hand. This punch could double a man in two and make him cry out in agony. Jackson, who knew every punch in the book, would vary his punches sometimes throwing his blockbuster at the head, sometimes smashing it to the body.

But this time he was puzzled. No matter how fast he moved, he seemed to be chasing a slim, white wraith rather than a human being.

A superb boxer himself, the Negro found himself up against an adversary who, if not better, was certainly his equal in the finer points of the game. For round after round the absorbing duel went on: cut and thrust, punch and counter—with the stronger, bigger Jackson continually stalking the quick-moving white man.

Ducking, weaving, feinting and clinching, Corbett somehow stayed on his feet. The bystanders were in an uproar. The eighth round came up and star Jackson could not nail this "brash" Irishman with the dancing feet who before the fight had trumpeted to one and all: "I'm as good as he is."

In vain the Negro sank short, hard left and right hooks into that white body. In vain he crashed over his fabulous two-one of the finest combination punches boxing has known. "Gentleman Jim" skipped away or countered with his own and star Jackson—the left hook which afterwards he claimed to have invented.

It was a battle such as could not be seen today. A battle of brains as well as brawn. A battle between two men, with no time limit.

CHICKEN-FEED

A battle for a purse which, by modern standards, would be considered chicken-feed—\$500 dollars to the winner and 1,500 to the loser. A battle which played with fury and real pique.

In the 10th round, Peter Jackson caught Corbett with a terrible right-hander to the ribs which sent "an agonising pain shooting up the white man's spine. Corbett staggered and his body went gold.

"But the Irishman rallied and fought back, calling on all his

Club Cricketers In England Still Trying To Cheat The Autumn

By ALEC BEDSER

The cricket enthusiast in England does not yield gracefully to the change of seasons. Though the last County Championship game has long since been played and Festival Weeks have been completed, I notice club cricketers are still trying to cheat the autumn with a lingering fixture list. To my mind it is always a nostalgic moment when one's gear is stowed away for winter keeping. Next season seems so far away.

Once Len Hutton said to me as he captained England: "When I was a lad playing cricket every hour I could manage the end of the season came as a tragedy. I did not know how I would exist until the start of the next season."

I well understood for my brother Eric and I felt much the same. Cricketers in the warmer climes of Australia, India and the West Indies have a much longer season.

England's Test players, however, find that the game is becoming a year-long occupation, for England has more international commitments than other countries. Almost every year a team has to be sent overseas.

WAS SIMPLE

In the old days when countries like India and the West Indies were not as strong as they now undoubtedly are the solution was simple. The strongest side was reserved to tour Australia every four years and "in between" a not-so-powerful party (usually able to hold its own) was sent to the other countries.

For instance while the West Indies were in the process of developing their great natural talent for the game this was an ideal arrangement.

But it cannot be done in these days and England's pressing problem is to keep its stars reasonably fresh while still putting a first-class eleven in the field. Also international results count more in these days of fierce publicity.

When I consider the amount of cricket played by some of England's leading players I think it astonishing that they manage to preserve their enthusiasm and form. Take the case of Geoffrey Evans, the brilliant wicketkeeper from Kent. Since the war he has been to Australia and New Zealand, he has just started his third tour to India, Pakistan and Ceylon. And he must have travelled more miles through cricket in a short space of time than any other player.

Len Hutton is the same category. In 1948 he planned to rest through the winter but had to respond to an SOS made by G.O. Allen, the MCC captain, and flew out to the West Indies. I am now on my third official trip to Australia and I also went to South Africa in 1949, so I too have had my share of travel since the war.

A GRAND LIFE

Of course it is a grand life and I would not change it for other. But believe me, it is hard work and a constant battle against becoming stale. Particularly in these modern days when so much of the travel is done by air. This means less time for relaxation between matches.

I have mentioned the travels of Geoffrey Evans. Perhaps on this third Australian trip he will remedy a strange little omission in the Test record books.

In the last two series in Australia an Australian batsman has been stamped against England. Evans, who has kept wicket in nine of the three Tests (P.A. Gibb did the job in the other) has caught twenty but not made a single stumpings as yet. This of course is no reflection on Geoffrey but merely a matter of lack of opportunity. And writing of wicketkeepers I heard of a remarkable achievement in a club match recently. C.G. Perry, a London

FROM SNOOKER TO GOLF

Joe Davis, 20 years undefeated World Snooker Champion, last week became Joe Davis, golf star. He won the Hamilton Club's prize when he beat J.W. Wishart by 6 and 4 in the 36-hole final. Now the snooker season has begun, Davis will give up golf. "It ruins my touch," he says. (London Express Service)

police caught five and stamped three batsmen in a single innings. This is a feat never accomplished in first-class cricket and I should imagine it is unique in any class.

Of the other two batsmen one was bowled and the other lb.w. as Perry could not have done much about them anyway. One of the most astounding "one-man efforts" was made by Eric Hollies, the Warwickshire leg break googly bowler, in a county match against Nottinghamshire at Birmingham in 1946. He took all ten wickets for 40 runs. Seven of his victims were bowled and the other three were lb.w. so no one else had a hand in the wickets!



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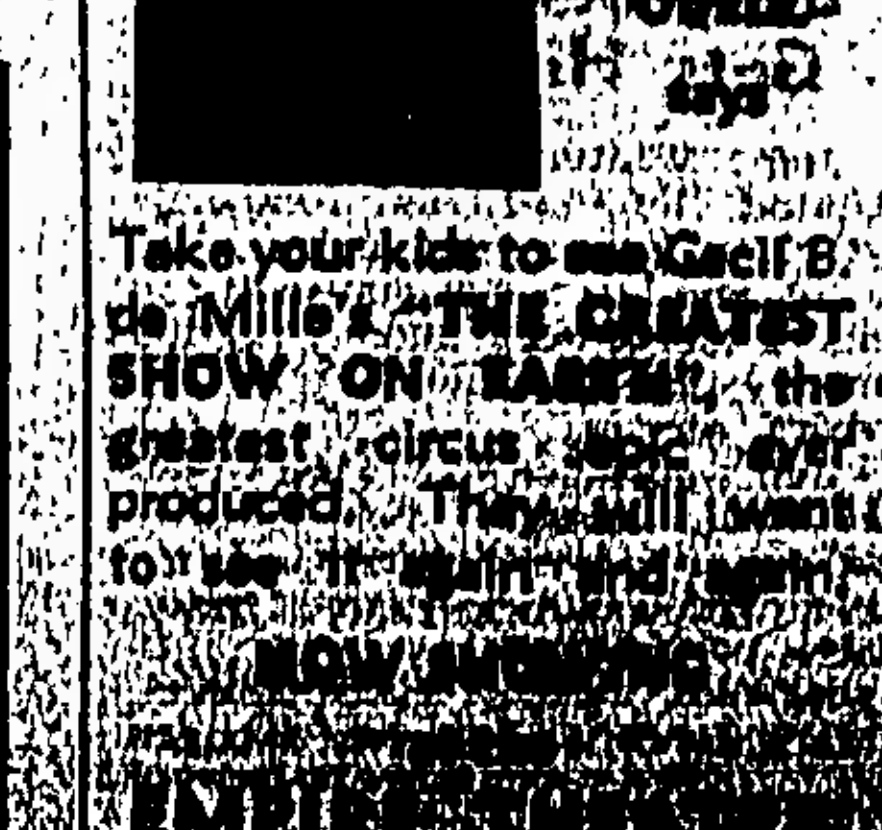
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LEAGUE CRICKET

Chater Road Match Is The Main Attraction This Afternoon

By "OWZAT"

The 1954-1955 Cricket League season opens this afternoon with a full programme of four First Division and five Second Division matches.

On paper the pre-season favourites seem to be the Scorpions in the First Division and IRC "A" in the Second Division.

Before commenting on this afternoon's games, there is one special point that must be made. In past seasons attempts have been made by the local press to stimulate interest in the Cricket League by compiling and publishing weekly the League tables and also the batting and bowling averages.

Time and again difficulties have been encountered due to a number of matches being unreported, and as a result it is doubtful if anyone has up to date a complete League table for last season.

An ideal system would be that adopted by the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association which in effect would mean every team sending its scorebook to one central place in Kowloon—say Kowloon Cricket Club—and one central place in Hongkong like the Craygenower Cricket Club or the Hongkong Cricket Club.

This system would not only facilitate the task of reporting the results, but would also enable the press to refer to the score books whenever they wish to do so for the necessary data for the League tables and batting or bowling averages.

If this system is deemed impracticable by the Cricket League Committee, it is strongly advocated that they appoint one Records Secretary to keep a complete record of the League games and issue an up-to-date League table and batting and bowling averages periodically to the press for publication.

ALL INTERESTING

Coming back to this afternoon's games, all the four matches are interesting. Top match of the afternoon will undoubtedly be that between the Scorpions and Army South at Chater Road.

Army, who won both the First and Second Division Championships last season and who are fielding two teams in the first year, do not appear to be such a force as they were.

Army South, who played a friendly match against Craygenower last week-end, did not impress too favourably and will have to pull off a great deal extra this afternoon to extend the formidable Scorpion XI.

The Army has in the past invariably won most of its matches by virtue of its strong attack, and Army South has good set of bowlers in Withall, Doggett, Clarke and Dowling.

However, it is doubtful if even this strong vanguard will make any headway against the Scorpions' strong batting backbone of Stanton, Leach, Alick, Pearce, Weller and Chetnam.

Army South's only chance of taking four points from the Scorpions this afternoon will rest on their ability to fully exploit the fairly weak attack of their opponents. They have a better chance to make it if the Scorpions bat first.

The KCC-Recreio match at Cox's Road will see both clubs fielding almost the same teams as last year, except that KCC will be without their last year's skipper, Recreio are likely to have the better of this match.

Royal Navy will, as usual field their unknown quantity against Army North and considering that this will be their first game of the season, the soldiers, who have already had few games during the past weeks, should be able to garner full points.

The RAF XI, who will be at home to University at Kai Tak, will attract some special interest. They still have Leigh-Bennett, Kettlewell, Stappard, Lee and West and West and will be quite a force to reckon with this season.

I doubt if University, despite the inclusion of J. C. Koh in their team, will be able to stand up to the alman.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
HKCC Scorpions v. Army South
KCC v. Recreio

Football's Youngest Long Service Man Gets His Benefit

Jeff Whitefoot, Manchester United left-half, is football's youngest long service man. Jeff is 30, and has been qualified for his £2,750 benefit money. This money is payable after five years' service.

Jeff qualifies by the new Football League rule which allows a player's amateur service with a club to count. United also paid benefits to three 21-year-olds, Manchester United, Jack Jones, David Dwyer, and...

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

A GREAT TUG-OF-WAR ON THE ISSUE OF COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS

By L. M. MacTAVISH

With the excitement of the first big kick-off now subsiding it is prudent to sit back for a moment and consider first impressions. Generally it seems to be agreed that there has been a healthy levelling out of playing resources and already there are indications that many more of this season's matches are going to be fought out at much closer odds than was the case last year.

All this must eventually lead to an improvement in the playing standard, for the higher and more consistent the opposition the better will every side have to play. And that of course amounts to better entertainment for the fans who contribute so much to the game in the Colony.

As a background to this forward step a great tug-of-war is being waged on the question of the issue of complimentary tickets to players of Second and Third Division clubs so that they can watch First Division games.

This is in many ways a regrettable situation for the closer one examines it the more one feels that there is a great deal of justification if not right on both sides.

First of all I believe that the Hongkong Football Association is showing good sense in encouraging the Colony's younger players to go along and see the current top liners in action.

I believe that in making the original proposal and carrying out the necessary legislation they were working in the best long-term interests of the game, and, as they are the vested body in control of local soccer, they would seem to have every reason to expect the decision to be honoured by the Clubs in membership of the association.

Like most cases made not for either the prosecution or defence of any action this case is like a foolproof situation, but the other side of the story also has its merits.

The two clubs involved in the present controversy are South China and the Hongkong Football Club.

Both organisations have recently made important and material contributions to Colony soccer by constructing modern stadia. It must be agreed, of course, that the clubs will themselves benefit in the long run from their valuable new assets, but other clubs, and football generally, are also getting benefit from the improved facilities.

It has to be acknowledged too that both organisations have received financial assistance from the HKFA in the realisation of their projects.

EASY TO UNDERSTAND

However, both South China and the Hongkong Football Club are now faced with high and, for the present, crippling liabilities. It is easy to understand that both will take steps to ensure that there is no loss of revenue which might curtail their ability to repay their debts.

This is not matter of amateurism or professionalism. It is a matter of stone-cold finance... of vital dollars and cents... and both clubs obviously regard the present concession as unrealistic.

Now I do not attempt to take favour in this matter but I have always believed that both sides of a story are worthy of airing and of consideration.

I think that fair-minded fans will be satisfied that the Hongkong Football Association having voted on the matter, has 'right' on its side as far as the legality of its decision to issue passes to junior players is concerned, but I think they will admit that there are also mitigating circumstances as far as the attitude of the South China and HKFC is concerned.

Great mansions are expensive to build and to maintain and if all junior players turned up as free spectators at the crowd-pulling games then they would certainly reduce the financial potential of the occasion.

But there is still one more aspect of this matter to be considered. What about the players who are the innocent subjects of this broiling controversy...

DISAPPOINTING

The first reaction of the players must have disappointed the FA for I have been told that only a very small percentage of the players made the necessary application or had one made for them. As a result of this information I went along to see the officials of two teams in the Third Division and I asked them for their views. Here is the gist of what they said.

Both were surprised at the utter indifference of their players to the offer. They both agreed that, generally speaking, the younger players would much rather be out kicking a ball about than sitting watching others doing it.

I also talked to some of the players and I was rather shaken by their indifference. Several of them were, quite frankly, not interested... but another one may have been nearer the reason for the low number of applications when he said "I was sure from the start that the whole thing was too good to be true."

The big question now is whether a solution can be found that will satisfy both sides without the indignity of a climb-down by either.

There are fair minded people who believe that this is possible and I offer two of their suggestions in the hope that they may stimulate constructive thoughts that will see a happy settlement. Here are the two ideas:—

(A) That forms or benches be laid out round the perimeter of the playing field and that the FA passers into that position. (The originator of the suggestion thought that the local police would be sympathetic to the arrangement.)

(B) That each junior club be issued with three or four club passes which could be handed

over to registered players on demand or in rotation as the case might be.

It is an interesting situation... it will be still more interesting to see how it develops.

MALAYAN SERIES

This week-end we bid 'welcome' to our footballing friends from Malaya and get down to our first taste of representative soccer for the season.

The teams selected to represent Hongkong interests in the series are strong and the Inter-Port Committees are to be congratulated on picking teams that appear to have satisfied most interested parties.

Special mention must be made of the captaincy honour accorded to Chan Fai-hung, Kitchener's brilliant young half-back. This is a just reward for some exemplary play and I know that the honour has given a lot of satisfaction to every section of the football community.

All three games in the series are being played at Caroline Hill. This afternoon we have the Ho Ho Cup match between the Hongkong Chinese and the Malayan Chinese and it will be a big surprise if the home side fail to win the coveted trophy.

There is no doubt that the visitors will make a big effort to get the vital goals that will enable them to take the Cup back to Malaya but I feel that the local, playing before their 'ain folk', will be good enough to chalk up a clear-cut victory. The start of this game is scheduled for 5.15 p.m.

Tomorrow the visitors will tackle the Hongkong Representative XI. The local side on this occasion will be made up of players who are eligible, and have signified their willingness, to represent the Colony in international competitions.

A strong side has been chosen and if Hoinball can keep a tight rein on the opposing centre-forward, and if the home forward line can strike a working harmony there is no reason to suppose that they will lose. The kick-off is again timed for 5.15 p.m.

Present indications are that the third game of the series on Tuesday may be the most entertaining of the lot. The All-Hongkong side looks good enough to win but much will depend on how newcomer Robson fits in with his colleagues in the front rank.

The soldier is a strong football player, who has already established himself with his powerful long range shooting, but he is also a clever ball player and with Hui Ching-to he should make a dangerous wing. The start of this game is set for 5.30 p.m. and a big crowd is expected.

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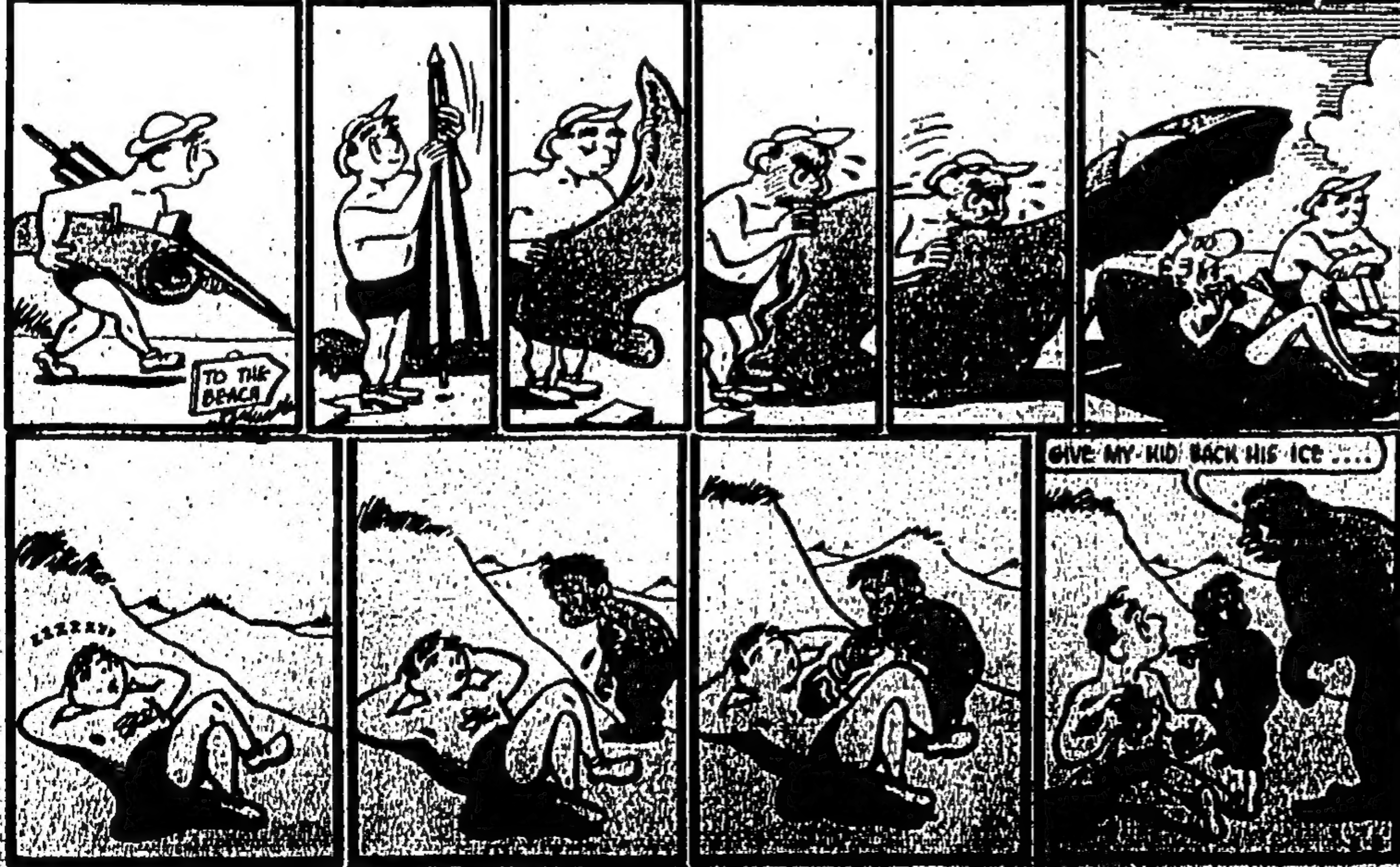
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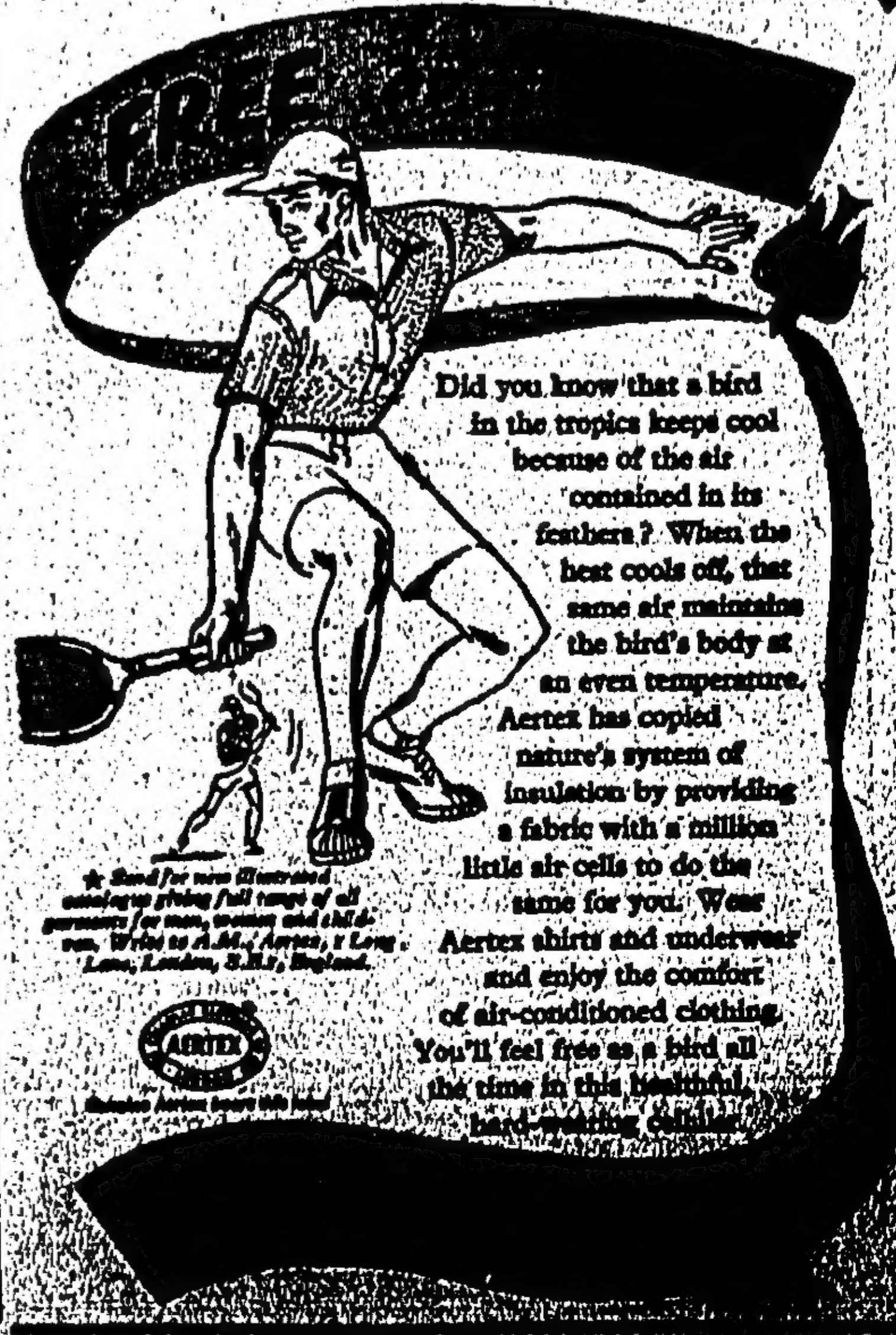
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



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Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CANTON"	19th October	10th November
"CHUSAN"	8th November	8th December
"CARTHAGE"	19th November	20th December
"CORFU"	17th December	17th Jan., 1955

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Interesting Experiments With Sand

By IRMA HEGEL

LAST SUMMER a group of boys and girls buried a bottle in the sand and rocks of a lonely strip of beach to mark a picnic site. Returning to the same place this season they were surprised to find the bottle exactly where they had buried it. Only the bottle was different. It was a beautiful frosty white, the work of the wind and the sand.

Sand is a painter. That is why hobbyists often bury glass pieces in their yards, leave them in the soil for several months and, when the glass pieces are dug out,



they are a milky white. And they have, in addition to their colour, a certain pearly lustre.

Sand is a sculptor too. The continued blowing of sand against rocks wears portions of them away. In some western states in

America, particularly South Dakota and Colorado, tourists look for the rocks that resemble figures, towers, castles and faces. The wind and sand that carves these nature freaks also helps make the interesting bits of driftwood.

Do you like to construct sand pictures? A bag of beach sand can be divided into small piles, vegetable-coloured pink, blue, green, tan and brown, mixed with liquid glue and brushed upon an outline picture of your choice. Frame. You will be delighted at the result.

MAKING UNIQUE WOODEN VASES

By M. L. Hopcraft

WOODEN vases are attractive novelties and very easy to make. They can be used anywhere, in the living room, the rumpus room if you have one, or in your own room. They make nice gifts too.

The next time you go for a ride into the country, take a small hatchet along and look around for a fallen tree or a dead branch that is at least five inches in diameter. If it has knobs or knots on it, so much the better, and with or without bark, but the wood must be old and dry. If you live near the seashore, you may find some odd pieces of driftwood that have been worn smooth by the tides. These make excellent wooden vases. Chop off a piece a couple of feet or so and take it home.



couple coats of shellac. This will help to preserve the vase and also bring out the natural grain of the wood.

With a glass jar inserted and filled with water, the wooden vase is ready to hold a spray of autumn leaves, flowers and grasses, a bunch of chrysanthemums—almost anything.

A growing plant may be preferred. If so, use a slip of geranium or something that will be easy to grow and let a bit of ivy or Wandering Jew trail over the side.

Decide whether you want a fat, squat vase or a tall, thin one. Your length of wood will probably help you decide. Now, saw off the length you need, making sure that the bottom is perfectly level so your vase will stand up squarely. With a pocket knife dig out a hole in the top that is large enough for a tin or a small glass jar.

Clean the outside thoroughly and then apply a

Stamps Issued To Help Poor Children

ONCE a year the Swiss postal authorities brighten up the grey winter days with one of the technically best sets of stamps issued by any country.

This is known as the Pro Juventute—For Youth—set. It is issued in a variety of face values. And besides paying the face-value for postage, the purchaser pays a little extra, as marked on each stamp, to help Swiss Youth.

They need it, too. For though Switzerland appears ever-prosperous to the tourist, many people live on only a tiny wage and life is a tough struggle, particularly for the aged.

These Youth stamps, then, are a great boon to young people of poor families who are striving to get ahead. The revenue from the extra charges helps to send them to technical schools, universities and colleges which train them for the church.

Many poor children are also sent to sunshine holidays in the mountains.

The stamp shown here, one of the set of five, is perforated 11½, and recess-printed. The set costs 4.00. In London—J.A.A.



Rupert and Niagara—21



Rupert picks up the "catcher." "Oh dear," he murmurs. "What does this mean?" (Very suddenly he opens that flap and reads "It is a 'Catcher'!").

Giddap Had a Vacation

—He Went to the Country to Visit Friends—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, heard the familiar clump-clump-clump of horses' hoofs coming down the street. It was very early in the morning. He hurried downstairs just in time to see Giddap, the Milk Wagon Horse, coming around the corner.

Equine Courtesies

A few minutes later Knarf and Giddap were exchanging good-mornings. Giddap's master, the Milkman, was off putting bottles of milk at the doors of various houses along the street. "I haven't seen you for several weeks," Knarf said to Giddap. "That's right," said Giddap. "Where were you?" asked Knarf.

"On my vacation," said Giddap. Knarf was just about to say something—for he was surprised that a horse should have a vacation—when Giddap interrupted him. "Yes, I know just what you were going to say. You were going to tell me that you never heard of a horse having a vacation."

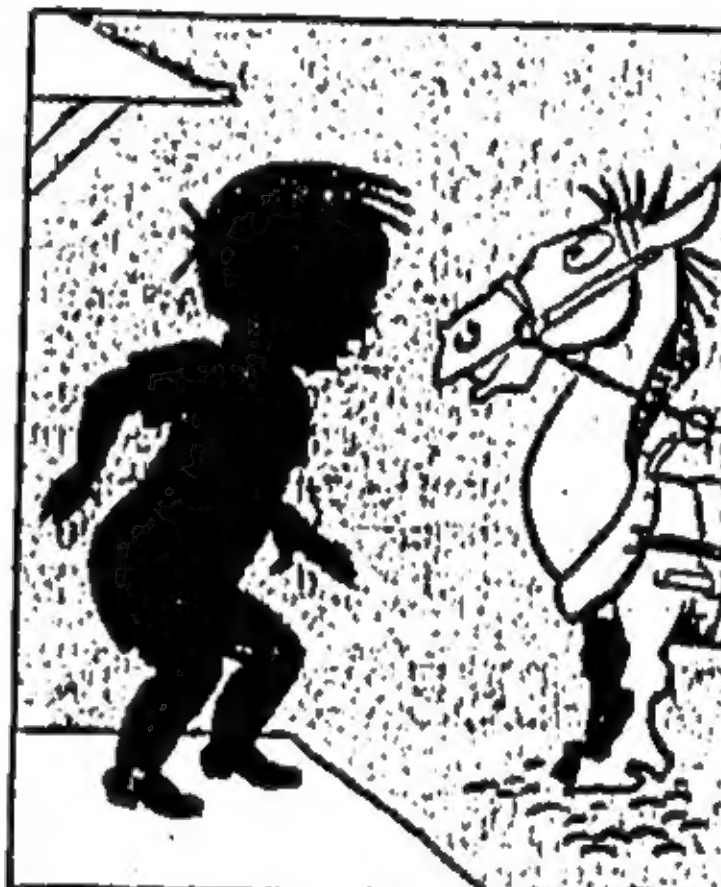
"That's right," said Knarf. "How did you guess?" "Well," said Giddap, "there aren't very many people who know that horses get vacations in the summertime just like everyone else. Don't you think we deserve a vacation?" Giddap asked with a kind of horse-chuckle.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Knarf. "I don't know of anyone who works harder than you, Giddap. Where did you go on your vacation?"

A Country Vacation

"To the country," said Giddap. "I really wanted to go to the seashore and do a little swimming, but everyone thought it odd that a horse should want to go to the seashore. So I was finally persuaded to go to the country along with all the other horses."

"Was it a farm?" Knarf wanted to know. "I suppose you'd call it a farm," said Giddap. "There were lots of fields and meadows—lots of brooks and streams—and no end of beautiful fresh



"I've been on my vacation," said Giddap to Knarf.

green grass. There were quite a number of horses there when I got to the farm. They were having their vacation, too. 'Eat as much as you like,' they told me. 'There's nothing to do on this farm except eat.'

"And did you, Giddap?" said Knarf.

"I certainly did," said Giddap. "It was like being put on top of a dining-room table. I walked along, eating. When night-time came I stretched myself out in the grass and nibbled in my sleep. It was simply wonderful. And I met some very interesting old horses on that farm."

"Old horses? What kind of old horses, Giddap?"

"Well," said Giddap, "there was my friend Corporal. He was a wonderful old fellow. Do you know how he got his name?"

Knarf said he would very much like to know how Corporal got his name.

"He was in the Army," said Giddap. "The General used to ride on his back. And then there was another old horse named Sergeant."

"Was he in the Army, too?" asked Knarf.

Giddap shook his head. "Sergeant was in the Police Department. A policeman rode on his back. And then there was a very, very old horse named Blaze."

"What was he, Giddap?"

Horse-Drawn Fire Trucks

"Oh," said Giddap, "he was a fire horse. He used to pull a fire engine. But that was many, many years ago. There aren't very many fire engines left that are drawn by horses. Blaze told me lots of exciting stories of the days when he used to go to fires. He used to gallop through the streets, with the fire bells clanging behind him. But all that's gone now."

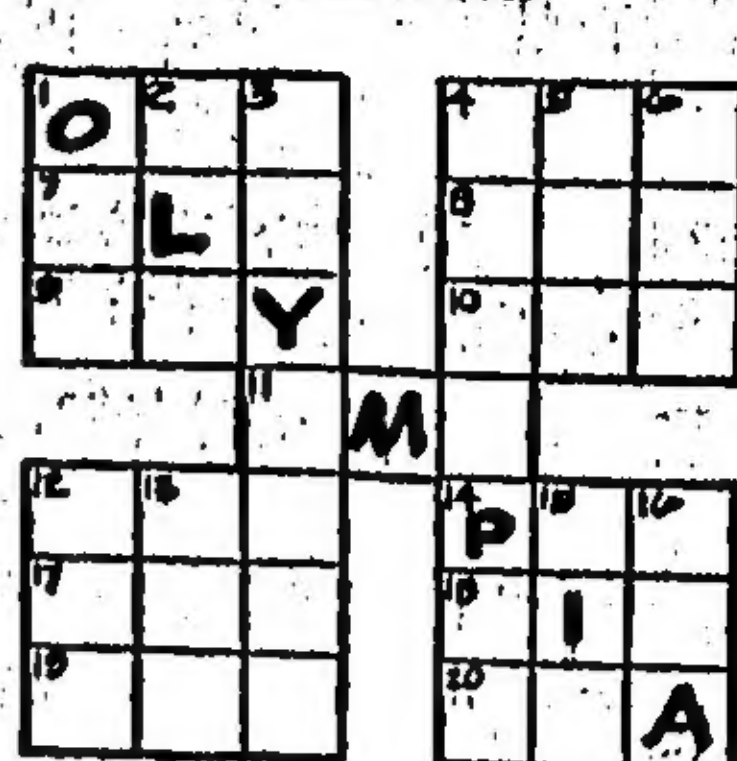
"You know," said Knarf, "I'm sorry that there aren't as many horses as there used to be. It's really a shame."

Giddap was just about to agree that he thought it was when the Milkman returned, climbed back into the milk wagon and said: "Giddap!"

"Giddap!" Giddap went clump-clump down the street to see what the Milkman wanted.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



HODGEPODGE

The Puzzleman had some trouble making up a sentence about Washington and would like your help in straightening it out:

rainfall States Wynooche, Olympic 141 in is Washington, mountains, inches, the registered in and Heaviest United the averages at

MIX-UPS

Here are three facts about Washington. Just rearrange the letters in the strange lines following and you'll find them: LASSO SHIN FIRE ME DO CUT FORT PRESS DUPE GUN OST

WASHINGTON REBUS

Four facts about Washington are hidden in this rebus. You can find them by using the words and pictures correctly:



ACROSS

- 1 Rowing implement
- 4 Drunkard
- 7 Palm leaf
- 8 Paving material
- 9 Utter
- 10 Greek letter
- 11 Madame (ab.)
- 12 Also
- 14 Hawaiian food
- 17 Sea eagle
- 18 Cover
- 19 Boy's nickname
- 20 Note in Guido's scale

DOWN

- 1 Hawaiian birds
- 2 Winglike part
- 3 Boy's name
- 4 Spire
- 5 Cereal grain
- 6 Pewter coin of Malaya
- 12 Number
- 13 Native metal
- 15 Lubricant
- 16 Girl's name

WASHINGTON DIAMOND

Mount RAINIER is Washington's highest peak and provides a centre of this diamond. The second word is "a light touch"; third, "couples"; fifth, "stale"; and sixth, "to observe." Can you finish the diamond from this?

R
A
I
N
I
E
R

WORD CHAIN

Change BEAT to LOSE in six moves. Change one letter at a time and have a good word each time.

BEHEADINGS

Behead "an asterisk" and have "a sailor." Behead this and have "a measure of area."

(Solutions on Page 20)

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3

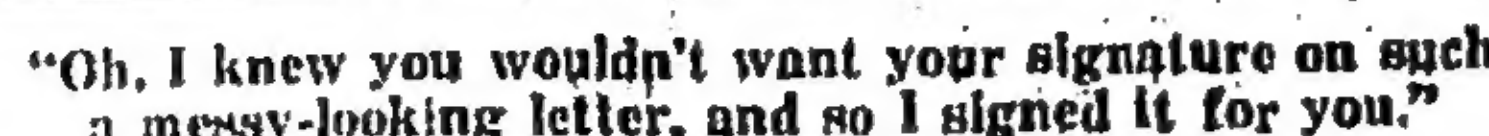
MONDAY, OCTOBER 4

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Step up your activity at your office; at home complete a job you have been postponing for some time.

ons letter
ted with
a saying,
association
the boy
a well-
thing in

It may be associated with
the preceding word in a title or
in the action of a book, play, or
other composition.

A typical association of words
might be: FORD - Ford - Fool -
Fury - Mary - Mary - Joe - Goby -
- App - Cash - et. al. played.



By OSWALD JACOBY

♥ ♠ CARD Sense ♠ ♥

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You South hold: Spades A-K-10; Hearts 6-3; Diamonds Q-10; Clubs A-Q-8. What do you do?

By Benchcomber

(A) More unhappy	life.
(B) The more	the more
(C) The more	the more
(D) The more	the more

[illegible]

A NEW menace Geneva, to faster-

CHess PROBLEM

W O R D

C R O S S W O R D

Across

1. Denie a sugar. Then you don't deserve the privilege of the airplane. (6, 8, 3)
7. The wedding put over with ceremony. (8)
8. Drawing out much of it suddenly ruined. (5)
9. Minnie takes wing. (6)
12. One of the Clinque Porters—the old original. (5)
13. This kind of track isn't necessarily one seen in newspaper. (6)
14. One in the song might be a Rooster. (6)
15. Headliner on for a table row. (5)
16. Sent for the Lord Chamberlain. (8)
19. This common rule, made sacred is bad. (6)

Down

1. Goodbye, say, having pronounced the answer. (6)
2. Time not to make the answer. (6)
3. Answer to the answer. (6)
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100. Answer to the answer. (6)

Across

1. It's a cruel open-mouthed. (6)
2. Throwing say into the mouth. (6)
3. Mumps. (8)
4. Throat agony in opening to the mouth. (6)
5. The say to the say to the say. (6)
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Down

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11. A woman kissing to

—Land of variety

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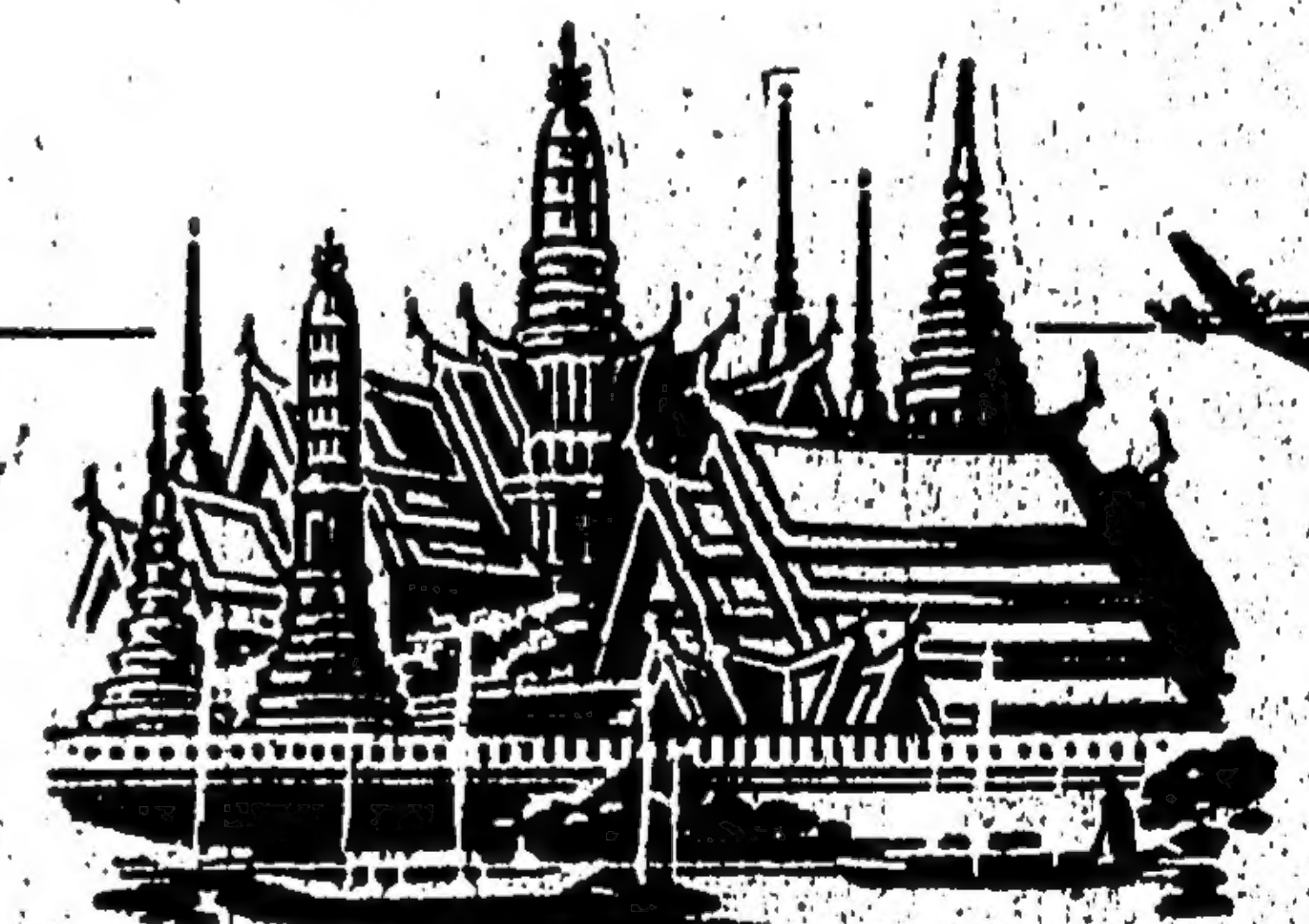
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Page 20

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1954

SHEAFFER'S
NEW
"SNORKEL"
PEN

Anglo-Jap Sterling Agreement Extended

London, Oct. 2. The one-year Anglo-Japanese sterling payments agreement of January 29, 1954, has been extended until March 31, 1955, the British Treasury announced here today.

The announcement was made at the end yesterday (Friday) of the six-week long Anglo-Japanese payments review.

It said: "Delegations representing the United Kingdom and Japanese Governments have now concluded a review of the course of trade and payments between the sterling area and Japan since the discussions in December and January last."

ROUGH BALANCE
"It was estimated that both trade and payments between the sterling area and Japan would achieve a rough balance over the year though at a rather lower level than had been forecast."

"It is proposed that the next trade and payments negotiations should be held in January or February 1955."

"Meanwhile the sterling payments agreement and the existing trade arrangements will continue until March 31, 1955," the statement concluded. —Reuter.

'British Pledge A Great Step Towards Peace'

London, Oct. 1. M. Pierre Mendès-France, the French Prime Minister, said in a recorded broadcast here tonight that Britain's pledge to keep troops in Europe was "a great step towards the consolidation of peace, solidarity and security in Europe."

Britain had made "a very essential contribution" towards "burying old feuds and overcoming old prejudices," he said.

M. Mendes-France said: "We fought the war together. We still have to fight against the consequences of war, not only in building up our common defence, along with all our friends of the free world, but also in burying old feuds and overcoming prejudices, in putting an end to any cause for mistrust."

CONFERENCE AIM
"This is really the aim of the present nine-power conference and all the peoples of Europe will be grateful to Great Britain for her very essential contribution towards achieving this end."

"We are at the beginning of a great task for the achievement of which this conference will give us a basis. In many ways it can only be a starting point."

"I eagerly wish at least that it will have liberated us from the depressing and paralyzing effects of discussions which never end." —Reuter.

Refugee Soccer Play Must Pay Former Club

Zurich, Oct. 1. The Special Committee of the International Federation for Association Football (FIFA) at a meeting in Brussels decided that the Hungarian player, L. Kubla, who sought refuge in Spain, should pay his former club damages amounting to 5,000 Swiss francs (about \$420).

This was learned today when FIFA issued a communique in which the Committee stated they could not allow the claims put forward by the Hungarian Football Federation, but that Kubla had definitely broken his contract by his sudden departure.

The communique declared that Kubla should pay his former club, Vam, the money before October 30 of this year and that payment should be made through the Spanish Football Federation to FIFA.

The Committee also decided that the Organizing Committee of the 1954 World Football Championships, which were held in Switzerland, would hold its final meeting in London on November 30. —Reuter.

Bevan Will Fight For Power Outside The Executive

By Fraser Wighton
Scarborough, Oct. 1.

The big question facing Britain's Labour Party is what fiery left-winger Aneurin Bevan does next.

Mr Clement Attlee, the Party leader, emerged victorious today as the Party conference ended here. And behind the official leaders was conference backing—admittedly narrow—for official policies on Germany and also Southeast Asia.

Mr Bevan left the conference in temporary eclipse after losing his long held place in the Party's inner councils.

But he highlighted his defeat with a public speech violently attacking leading Socialists and trade unionists—a virtual declaration of war on the Old Guard Chiefs.

THE ULTIMATE
Power, he told 1,900 left-wingers, lay not in the Executive but outside it and he intended to seek it where he lay.

Mr Bevan said he would seek to swing support from the ordinary ranks of the Party and force nearer to ultimate leadership of the movement.

The conference showed that Labour, whatever it might do on a foreign policy issue, was not prepared to back Mr Bevan in a popularity poll. Before he

had a chance of wooing a majority of Socialists to his side, Mr Bevan must kill the hostility he has revived among the great leaders of the trade unions. Over and over again these leaders have shown that they can meet every Bevanite challenge by their control of the great block votes of the industrial wing.

Mr Bevan has always derived his chief political influence from the support of Britain's 600 left-wing parties, which year after year sent him to the Executive with a record poll. These parties are extremely vocal. But they represent only about a sixth of the total membership.

LEADERS RELIEVED
Labour now goes forward from the conference with its official leaders relieved of the Bevan challenge in their inner councils. They have been saved from a humiliating foreign policy defeat. And they have kept in step with the Trades Union Congress which supplies 5,000,000 of the party's members and controls its purse strings.

Now as an ordinary ranker, Mr Bevan will continue his left-wing campaign. And his goal is believed to be ultimate Party leadership. —Reuter.

India May Abrogate Air Agreement

U.S. Airline Will Lose \$10m Annually

New York, Oct. 1. One of America's major airlines stands to lose up to \$10,000,000 annually in cargo and passenger revenues if India goes through with her announced intention of abrogating existing bi-lateral air agreements with the United States.

Unless some agreement is reached by January 14—the expiration date of the agreement—operations through India by Trans-World Airlines and Pan-American World Airways will be seriously hampered and even possibly curtailed.

In dispute is the eight-year-old air agreement which India denounced in January, at the same time giving the required one-year notice that she will not renew the pact on its expiration, January 14, 1955.

MAIN OBJECTION
Her main objection, it was understood, is the so-called "Fifth Freedom" of the air, under which other countries have the privilege of operating and landing in points in the other country and to haul cargo and passengers destined for and coming from a third country.

India has reportedly objected to the "Fifth Freedom" clause of the air pact mainly on the ground that the third-country traffic handled by United States carriers was strongly competitive to India's nationalized carrier, Air India International. The latter operates routes to South Africa and Southeast Asia, in addition to London and intermediate points. —United Press.

No Life-jackets From Macao
Lisbon, Oct. 1. The Portuguese Foreign Ministry today denied a report published in the Chinese newspaper, Shing Kuo, that on Sept. 31, that the Chinese Communists had bought 200,000 life-jackets in Macao.

The Governor of Macao had supplied information which showed that never at any time had such a consignment entered Macao territory. —Reuter.

Like's Plan Operational In Two Years

United Nations, Oct. 1. President Eisenhower's "atoms-for-peace" plan will be in operation in less than two years, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., chief United States delegate to the United Nations, predicted today.

The United States stands ready to resume negotiations with Russia on the plan to put atomic energy to peaceful uses and will talk with Soviet representatives here or in Washington whenever the Kremlin wants it, he said.

"We will negotiate with the Russians anywhere," Lodge told a news conference. "We'll negotiate with them in Times Square or anywhere else."

The United Nations' "most important" role in setting up the programme will be the calling of an international scientific conference next spring. That conference, which may be held here or elsewhere, may be attended by leading scientists and governmental representatives and Russia will be welcome, Mr Lodge said.

The international agency which will control the programme for putting nuclear energy to peaceful uses will be established by direct negotiations. "It will work out its own relationship with the United Nations after it has been established," Lodge said, adding that it might well become a new specialized agency of the world organization.

"We stand on the threshold of a good deal of forward motion—a good deal of progress," Lodge said. "It will not be done in less than two minutes but it will be done in two years in my opinion." —United Press.

COMMITTEE TO STUDY POOLING
New York, Oct. 1. The United Nations Secretary-General, Mr Dag Hammarskjöld, announced today the setting up of a committee to study the possible relationship of the

United Nations with the proposed international agency for a pooling of atomic resources for peaceful purposes.

The Secretariat committee of five is to be headed by Dr Ralph Bunche (United States) and will have Mr Roy Blough, Mr Martin Hill (Britain), Mr Dragoslav Prolich (Yugoslavia) and Mr Constantin Stavropoulos (Greece), all leading members of the United Nations staff, as its other members.

Mr John Foster Dulles, United States Secretary of State, in a follow up to President Eisenhower's original plan for a pooling of atomic resources for peaceful purposes, proposed last week the creation of an international agency including nations from all parts of the world. —Reuter.

Funeral Became A Feast

Bombay, Oct. 1. A "dead" man walked into his home here to find his weeping relatives preparing his funeral.

Tajiram, an old man living in a Bombay suburb, disappeared from home one Saturday evening and was reported missing.

Shortly afterwards an old man was found dead and removed to the morgue. Tajiram's relatives rushed to the morgue, "identified the body, and bore it home sorrowing on their shoulders."

When Tajiram walked in hale and hearty they removed the spurious body and turned the funeral into a feast. —China Mail Special.

Peter Thomson In Final

St Andrews, Oct. 1. Peter Thomson of Australia today took a step towards achieving the classic "double" of British golf when he reached the final of the British match-play championship here.

Thomson, 25-year-old holder of the British open title, meets Johnny Fallon of Huddersfield in the 36 hole final tomorrow.

The coveted double of open and match-play titles in the same season has been accomplished only twice before—by the late James Braid in 1905 and Irishman Fred Daly in 1947.

MAGNIFICENT GOLF
Playing magnificent golf in torrential rain, Thomson was four under four for the 17 holes in beating South African Bobby Locke, three times open champion, by two and one in the quarter-finals this morning.

Changing his soaked clothing he then went out to defeat Norman Sutton, of Exeter, two and one in the semi-final.

Fallon, who is Scottish-born, beat Ryder cup player, Bernard Hunt by one hole in the quarter-finals and defeated Frank Jowle of Edgbaston five and four in the semi-final. —Reuter.

ENGLAND STRONG FAVOURITES TO BEAT IRELAND

Belfast, Oct. 2. England, holders, although fielding an experimental side are strong favourites to defeat Ireland at Belfast today in the first match of the home international soccer championship.

The team includes seven new caps, probably without precedent in the history of England sides. But the players are no strangers to each other as all but two appeared last week in the English football league team which crushed the League of Ireland 6-0.

Left-hand Roger Byrne for Jack Mansell and Alcock for Brian Pilkington on the left-wing for injured Tom Finney are the only alternations.

An indication of the determination of the Football Association to build a team capable of raising England to her traditional place in world soccer is that the chosen players were trained for an entire week before taking the field at Windsor today. Never before have they done so in preparation for a single international.

England soccer fans hope that the policy of keeping a side together for representative matches will bring better results. Defeat or a disappointing performance would give many headaches to the England selectors, for there is only one more match, against Wales on November 10, before the clash with Germany, the world champions, at Wembley on December 1.

The match should provide a genuine test for England, even though Ireland have been handicapped by injuries. Under the guidance of Peter Doherty, one of the greatest players ever to wear his country's green shirt, and now Manager of Doncaster Rovers, Ireland can look back on the days when they were little more than "whipping boys" for the other three home countries.

Though beaten by both Scotland and England last season, Ireland were acclaimed each time as being the better team, and their reward came with a 2-1 victory over Wales in the last match.

England: Wood (Manchester United), Foulkes (Manchester United), Pyrie (Manchester United), Wheeler (Bolton), Wright (Wolverhampton), Barlow (West Bromwich), Matthews (Blackpool), Revie (Manchester City), Lethbridge (Bolton), Maynes (Fulham), Pilkington (Burnley). —China Mail Special.

NEWBURY AUTUMN CUP PROBABLES
London, Oct. 1. Fifteen probable runners and jockeys for the Newbury Autumn Cup running over two miles at 1400 hours GMT at Newbury, Berkshire tomorrow are:

Leopoldine (C. Smirke), Ardent Lover (J. Bunker), Brighionian or Exploitation (W. Elliott), Torbargo (up-jockey), Dingo (W. Rickaby), Florio (K. Gethin), Turvey (S. Clayton), Dango (F. Durr), Earlswood (H. Hughes), Problematic (E. Smith), Manas (P. Carter), Honey (D. Sarte), Scottish Sea (W. Swinburn), and Tifas (J. Forie). —China Mail Special.

YORKSHIRE CUP
Halifax, Oct. 1. Halifax beat Leeds by 10 points to win in the semi-final of the Rugby League Yorkshire Cup here tonight. —Reuter.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION
Solution on Page 20
RABBIT: Bull, Arch-Are, Joan-John, Marie, Flour-Till, Cant-Carl-Horse, Gift, Present, Prove, Invert, Alert-Albert, Hall-Hall, Keel, Hail, Achilles-Sly, Sly-Slay-Bob, Duck-Dick, Turpin-York, York-Fore, Alf-Apl-liable, Pliable-Plant, Plant-Fury, Rage-Ran, Ran-Pan, Pan-Ugh-SESAME.

Take your kids to see Cecil B. de Mille's "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH", the greatest circus epic ever produced. They will want to see it again and again.

NOW SHOWING at the EMPIRE THEATRE

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HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK LIMITED

The Trust Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF HONG KONG
In prize

In the Matter of:
Action No. 18 of 1940
Part cargo ex s.s. Benavon;
1 case of essences and 2 cases of essential oils

Action No. 3 of 1941
Parcels taken at Hong Kong 50 bottles of Bayer Aspirin 200 bottles of Bayer Aspirin 200 bottles of Vaseline 1 parcel of artificial silk ribbon

Take Notice that the Court will be moved at 9 o'clock a.m. on Saturday the 23rd day of October 1954 by Counsel for an Order that the monies standing to the credit of the above causes in Court being the proceeds of sale of cargo in respect of which no claim has been received be paid out of Court to the Proper Officer of the Crown.

Dated the 2nd day of October, 1954.
(SIMON F. S. LI),
Counsel for the Proper Officer of the Crown.

NOTICE
HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Office of the Society is situated at Beaconsfield Arcade, Queen's Road, Central, Hong Kong.

Members and the Public can contact an Official of the Society by dialling 37870 by day and 37894 by night.

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Dividend Warrants will be issued at the Registered Office of the Company, No. 144-148 Des Voeux Road, Central, 1st Floor, Hong Kong, on and after the 26th October, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
LAI TAK PO,
Managing Director.
Hongkong, 1st October, 1954.

CHURCH NOTICES
ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Mission to Seafarers
40, Queen's Road, Central
Tel. 1251
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion
7.00 p.m. Evening Service
(Other services arranged as usual)

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THE HONGKONG & YAU MATI FERRY CO., LTD.
Notice is hereby given that an Interim Dividend of THREE DOLLARS per share on the Company's Issued Capital has been declared payable on the 25th October, 1954, free of tax.

Notice is also given that the Share Register of the Company will be closed from Monday the 18th October, 1954 to Saturday the 23rd October, 1954, both days inclusive.

Dividend Warrants will be issued at the Registered Office of the Company, No. 144-148 Des Voeux Road, Central, 1st Floor, Hong Kong, on and after the 26th October, 1954.

By Order of the Board,
LAI TAK PO,
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